

# Carmel Pine Cone

VOL. XIII, No. 2

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1927

5c PER COPY

## Club Plans Big Summer School

Growing like the proverbial mushroom, the Carmel Woman's Club filled the diningroom of Pine Inn last Monday afternoon when the first meeting of 1927 was called to order by the Club's president, Mrs. Oliver Marble Gale. As it was a large meeting, so too was it an important one. Its decision to hold at some time this coming summer here in Carmel a two, three or four day school of politics, to which would be invited the members of all women's clubs of the county, and which would receive instruction by lectures and talks of the foremost educators and public men of the West, with open discussions by those attending, was enthusiastically received by the people of Carmel.

The directors of the club will appoint a committee to take charge of the preliminaries. Mrs. Gale, the president of the club, read a letter from Dean Brown of Radcliffe College regarding the work of a similar club in the east. There is an institute of foreign affairs held at Georgetown in the east, but the one sponsored by the Woman's Club will be the first in the West. Details have, of course, not been decided on, but owing to the proximity of two great Universities, there will be no difficulty in securing notable speakers. This is especially true in the summer, when lecturers come to California and Stanford from Europe and the east to teach in the summer schools.

Mrs. Harris spoke in favor of the idea, and Anne Martin agreed with Mrs. Harris, citing a few facts from a similar institute she attended in Geneva. She feels that such a course would help make broader-minded citizens.

After the reading of the minutes by the secretary, Miss Mabel Spicker, the president read letters from various people, and spoke of the marvelous growth of the club in the last month from 21 members to over 100. The club has been offered the Sunset School auditorium, the Theatre of the Golden Bough, the Carmel Art Gallery on Mondays, and the Pine Inn for their meetings. Mrs. Gale also thanked the two Carmel papers and the Peninsula Herald for publicity given the activities of the club.

The chairmen of the different committees read their reports and the heads of the classes spoke on the work done.

It was unfortunately impossible for Mrs. Maude R. Mott of San Francisco, to be with the club Monday and deliver an address to the members, as she was called to Washington to attend a meeting of the National League of Woman Voters.

Mrs. Gale announced that Dr. and Mrs. Henry Phipps Ross, of Boston and Palo Alto, who are in Carmel for some time have kindly offered to make the club a gift of an evening's entertainment. Miss Parkee of Los Angeles will give musical illustrated readings. The date of this will be announced later. Dr. and Mrs. Ross were given a rising vote of thanks. The club adjourned after a general discussion.

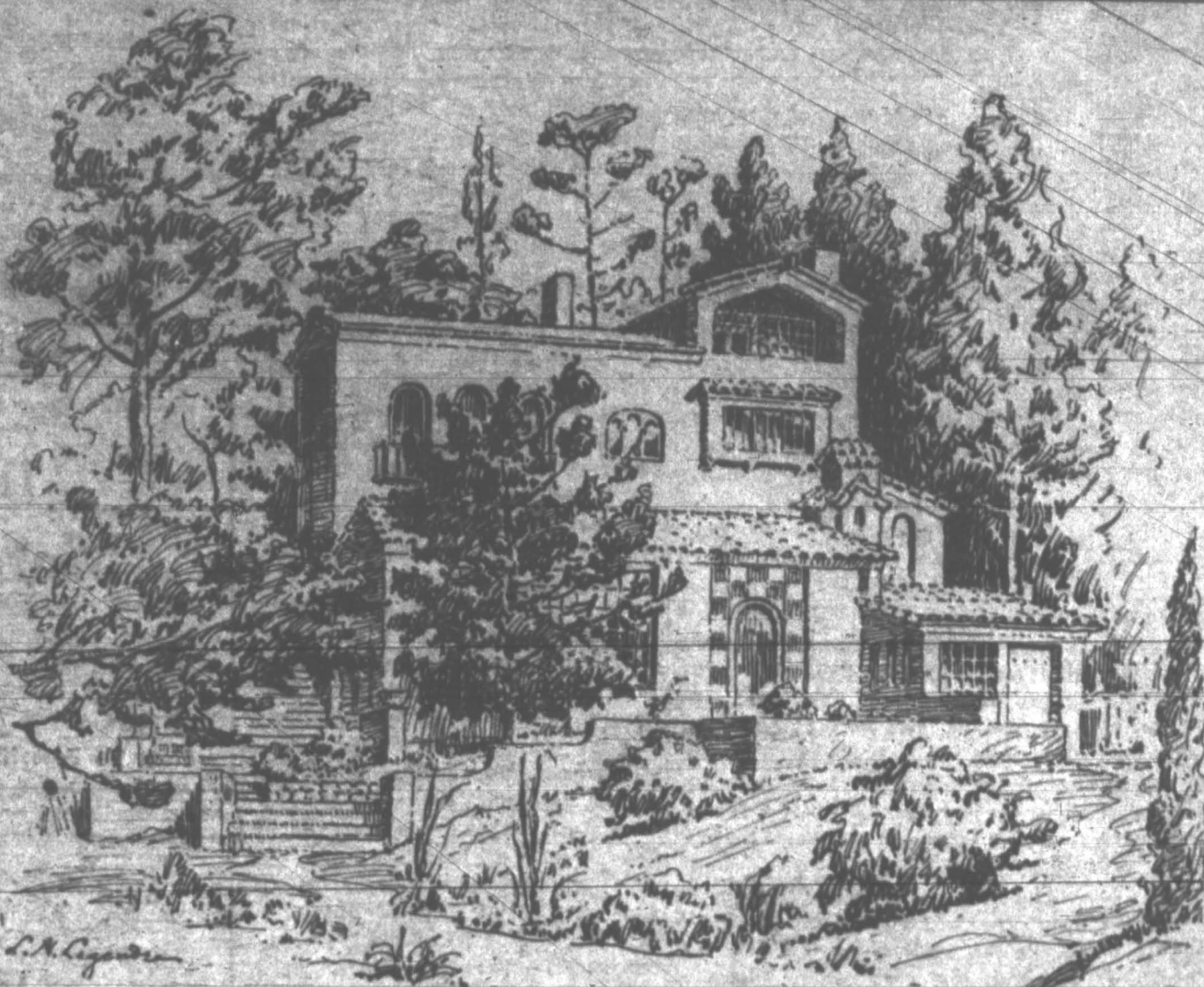
### WED IN VIENNA

#### TO OFFICER THERE

Announcements have just been received of the marriage of Mrs. Helen Sterling of Carmel to Captain Friedrich Edward Krejci of the Austrian Army. The marriage took place in Vienna on December 21st.

They expect to travel through Greece, Constantinople, Egypt, Palestine, India and possibly China and Japan.

Later they will return to Carmel, where they will make their home. Mrs. Sterling formerly lived in Carmel Woods, and is well known here.



Residence of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Stone at Carmel Highlands

## Carmel Highlands Builds A Place Of Fine Homes And Spacious Grounds

During the past year Carmel Highlands has made such a swift advance in its building and the sale of home sites that property development has been forced to climb higher up the slopes of Mount Devendorf, and further back along the sides of the canyons of the creeks that flow through this great subdivision. What was a few months ago practically wilderness, back of the Highlands Inn, has been purchased and built upon, and new roads have opened territory farther up.

The locating of a well high on the mountain side that will be able to supply water for scores of homes, makes possible the building of residences that look far out to sea, and over Carmel, over the Monterey hills and city, and even over the bay to the Santa Cruz shores. Some of the most magnificent scenic sites on the Pacific Coast are now being marketed back from the line of the surf.

For the properties that lie along the water front at the Highlands are now practically all in the hands of men and women who intend to build upon them for themselves. Deyen Heights, a subdivision on the cliffs of the beach that was opened only a few months

ago with some thirty large lots, has sold out already. Some who bought, have been tempted by advantageous offers and have resold. And values have gone up—and up.

That in the Highlands have been built and are building houses of distinction and individuality is one reason for the great advance in values there. The slopes are dotted with artistic homes in beautiful grounds. Along the cliffs stone houses that fit the sterner conditions there have gone up. And these improvements have been followed closely by other betterments that make for more comfort in living.

From the Carmel city-limit line at Santa Lucia avenue, to the end of the road thirteen miles south of the Big Sur, it is now all State highway. Work is being done to widen and straighten, to make safer and easier the passage of cars over this long stretch. Particularly that part of the road from Carmel River to Mal Paso creek is being improved, and by spring each mile of this highway will merit the name of highway.

So much for Carmel Highlands, where ten years ago there was nothing but forest and the rocky sides of mountains; where the seas beat

against cliffs tenanted only by gulls and the black cormorants. Today it is peopled with those who hold love of nature's beauties and can appreciate what their windows frame of sea and mountain view.

## Masonic Club Holds Session

On Tuesday night the Carmel Masonic Club held a most interesting meeting at their club house. George Dorwart addressed the members on his trip abroad, and Don Stanford sang for them. A banquet was served by Charles L. Watson, and new members were admitted. There were about 30 members of the Carmel chapter present, and several visitors from Monterey and Pacific Grove.

Next Tuesday the club will have Robert Welles Ritchie for the speaker of the evening.

## Old Mystery Cleared Away

Is the Domingo Silva mystery solved simply because a raving maniac has confessed to the murder of his brother? Or was someone else guilty of those knife stabs that were found more than a year and a half ago in the throat and back of the victim?

At any rate Domingo Silva has confessed to the killing of his brother, Joe, found dead in Ed Hatton's barn in the Carmel Valley, some time in July, 1925. It is the opinion of Mr. Hatton and others connected with the case that the real murderer has not yet been found.

Prior to the murder Domingo Silva was working for his brother Joe, who leased part of the upper Hatton farm. The two brothers were evidently on the best of terms and it was one day after they had returned from a fishing trip that the body of the elder was found, cruelly disfigured by knife stabs.

Immediately after the discovery of the body Ed Hatton searched the barn thoroughly and found not a single clue to the mystery. But three days later, when the barn was again ransacked, a knife was discovered, barely covered by straw in one of the stalls. Certainly that knife was placed there by someone after the first searching.

At the coroner's inquest the family of the murdered man testified that while climbing up into the loft, he had slipped and fallen on a knife or pitchfork. That solution is improbable, as there was no such implement found near the body.

At noon of last Monday, Domingo Silva went to attorney Jorgenson in Monterey and confessed to the killing of his brother. His wife had left him and he wished to sign his property over to their child. But why, after waiting a free man for more than a year, did Domingo Silva's conscience suddenly prompt him to give himself up? Obviously the man is insane.

After all, perhaps upon that commonplace knife, with its treacherous, thin steel blade, hangs the solution of the Silva murder mystery.

## Strike For Your Altars And Your Fire Hydrants

City Fathers Will Face Railroad Commission with Glaring Eyes and Bared Fangs.

Carmel, by its mayor and attorney, will be represented at the hearing of the State Railroad Commission at Colton Hall January 25, and together with officials of Monterey and Pacific Grove, will listen carefully in on the proceedings in the matter of an application of the Monterey Water Co. for an increase in rates.

And there will be fighting faces on Carmel's officials that day, and their teeth will be bared and clenched. The inertia that met the announcement has gone. With the knowledge that the hydrant rentals may be raised as much as \$1.00 per month apiece, Carmel trustees with 51 hydrants now, needing more, and paying \$243.00 each month

without using any water, are ready to battle.

According to officials of the water company the increase needed by them will be made up by a raise in the "stand-by" charge, a raise in the hydrant rentals, and a new rate for the canneries and factory users of large quantities of water. The increase on the canneries doesn't worry Carmel trustees—and not seriously does an increase on the "stand-by" charge; but hydrants cost money—lots of money—and must not cost more.

The water officials explain that they do not want any increase of the service meter rates on residences in their territory, but the

(Continued on Page Two)

## Lock Up Your Valuables

In the Safest Place You Know

## There's Thief In Carmel

Mrs. Alice Y. Nugent was robbed of more than nine hundred dollars last Monday, when a purse was stolen from her automobile while it was parked in the rear of the Sea Urchin cottage, in San Antonio street. Fortunately most of the money was in a cashier's check for \$800, upon which payment has been stopped.

But the thief lost no time getting action upon the remainder.

Forging the name of Al Castro to one of the checks, he cashed it at Newell's grocery, buying provisions with a part. Another check, it is said, was cashed in Monterey, and more are expected to be discovered. Then the thief made a getaway.

Marshall Gus England and the other Peninsula police departments have been given a description of the purloiner, and an "arrest may be expected at any minute."



(Continued from Page 1)

Railroad Commission may not be dictated to as what shall not be increased. If the water company could say to the commission, do not raise household rates, but lift here and there, then and so, Carmel residents might settle into calm, and unwillingly await the outcome. But the water company has asked that rates be fixed so that their net income may be a certain per cent of the value of their plant, and if the commission grants that petition, it will say just how that rate should be effected. And what the commission says goes. Though it break the water company's heart to raise household water bills, it must—and will—obey orders.

A comparison of Carmel's water rate with those of other towns and cities proves of interest now. Our rate for 300 cubic feet, or less—our minimum—is \$1.10. Up to 1,000 ft. it is 30 cents a hundred. After that, no matter how much is used, 25c.

Los Angeles charges 18 cents per 100 feet for the first 10,000 feet, after that reducing for quantity until the price is 7 cents. Pasadena, after 500 feet for its minimum, at \$1.10, charges 6 cents per 100. Santa Cruz gives 1000 feet for its \$1.25 minimum, then charges 7 cents up to 2,000 feet and 6 cents for more. In Marin county the minimum is \$1.50 for 300 feet, 25 cents up to 10,000 feet, coming gradually down to 22 1/2 cents. In San Diego \$1.00 is the flat minimum, and any quantity of water is 15 cents per 100 feet.

Napa also has a \$1.00 minimum, but charges by gallons, not cubic

feet, prices varying from 10 cents to 32 cents per 1,000 gallons. In Santa Barbara, the \$1.00 minimum holds, and 15 cents per 100 feet up to 4,000 feet, then 12 cents and 8 cents above that. The East Bay Water Co. has a 50-cent service charge, then you get up to 50,000 feet at 23 cents per 100, after that 19 cents.

San Jose has a 600-foot minimum of \$1.60, then charges 22 1/2 cents up to 1,500 feet, 20 cents to 3,000 feet, 15 cents to 10,000 feet and 12 cents over that. The Spring Valley Water Co., supplying San Francisco, has a 75-cent minimum, and charges 25.3 cents for the first 3,300 feet, 25.2 cents for the next 30,000 then 21.9 cents for whatever else you use.

Armed with these comparisons which make Carmel's meter rates look fat and juley, Mayor Jordan and Attorney Campbell, will sit beside Mayor Hudson and Attorney Campbell of Monterey, and Mayor Gould and Attorney Jorgensen of Pacific Grove, and all will glare fiercely at the Railroad Commission and ask questions about golf links, and Roman plunges, and bath houses, and hotels, and country clubs, and how much would the meter income of the water company be increased if all the sprinklers and hotels and clubs were paying for water.

And City Manager Dorton of Monterey will glare fiercest of all, for he must glare for the fish canneries of his town whose bills will leap skyward if the petition goes through. Why the poor fish canner without water enough with which to clean his works!

of District Attorney Asa R. Hayes. I had occasion to take a small part in the first investigation of the occupancy of the Benedict cottage by Kenneth G. Ormiston and a woman companion. There was never a doubt that Ormiston was here in Carmel; there was more than a doubt that his companion was Mrs. McPherson. Later in this analysis I will go further into this particular phase of the strangest case in the annals of California criminal procedure.

There will be, probably, no satisfying solution of this mystery. Many people will disagree with my belief that Mrs. McPherson has been the victim of a gigantic conspiracy, and that Carmel was unfortunately chosen by conspirators to fit a place in their program. I do not expect ever to have the proof of my theory, or be able to say to its doubters, "I told you so."

Understand, however, that this analysis of the McPherson affair is based upon the knowledge that there were in Los Angeles, in Venice and other suburbs of the southern city, people whose businesses were suffering through the Four-square Gospel of Angelus Temple, and the efforts of its pastor, Aimee McPherson. These businesses were not all unlawful. Some were of the kind that keep on the fair side of the border that marks legality, yet are wide open to attack by sermon and ministerial effort. But more of them, most of them, were of the underworld, particularly subject to heavy monetary loss through attacks of a persistent religious movement.

As the immediate provocative to these elements in the southern community was the battle that the Temple had put up, was putting up, to prevent reopening of the dance halls of Venice and Los Angeles. Licenses had been revoked, and a

particularly profitable business was crippled. The Temple influence was sufficient to keep the situation in that unprofitable condition. The dance hall proprietors had every reason to wish the destruction of that influence.

The underworld—the businesses that are criminal in their nature, the houses of ill-fame, bootleggers and moonshiners, all the gamblers, louts, thieves and yeggs and molls—were ready enough for a partnership with the dance halls and other dubious concerns above the barrier of the law, to break down the institution that Aimee McPherson was each day building stronger to menace them. Other partners

there were, silent partners, for many men and women had no love of the manner in which the Temple served its religion, and would welcome its fall, even if they would not take a hand in helping to push it over. Some of these silent partners—and not always silent, either—were ministers of the gospel.

A strange combination; yet not so strange, for after all, human nature is very like above and below the law's border line. Ministers are human in their distrust of new and unusual methods of pressing religion upon the people. The claims of miraculous cures made by the Temple were more than objectionable to many good people.

(Continued on Page 3)

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## After All, Was Aimee

Ever Here in Carmel, or Was She the

## Victim of Conspiracy?

By PERRY NEWBERRY

I do not believe that Aimee McPherson was in Carmel-by-the-Sea during the time last May when she has been accused of occupying a cottage here.

I make this statement after a study of the affair from its begin-

ning, on the 15th of last May, when from the beach at Ocean Park, Mrs. McPherson disappeared, to last Monday morning when the "flash" came over the wire that the charges against her and her fellow "conspirators" had been dismissed by the court upon request

THE WIDE WORLD

CONTRIBUTES

Milnor

Message

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# AN APOLOGY

To Our Carmel Friends

We are very sorry that we were unable to get our Carmel Store ready to participate in the opening of our GREAT 50th ANNIVERSARY AND EXPANSION SALE. This will be corrected by placing the entire stock of our Carmel Store on sale.

Selling Begins Monday

Jan. 17

The same special prices as now prevail in our Monterey Store will be in effect. Watch for special announcement

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# Fire Fall From Glacier Point Marks Yosemite New Year Eve

By May Stone

(A party of which Mrs. George E. Stone and Miss Peggy Palmer of Carmel were part, went into the Yosemite with George E. Stone to make pictures of snow scenes. Mrs. Stone has written the story.)

We started from Merced on a brilliant morning two days after Christmas. The palms, the green leaves and flowering vines recalled the heat of summer in that town of the valley. We drove across the plain stretching toward the mountains, entering the real grades beyond the little town of Mariposa.

On over the Bridgeburg grade to the Merced river, following it over the wonderful all-year-around highway leading into the Yosemite. After leaving the Portal, the roads were white with snow, and we entered the valley between dark, tall trees decorated with snow mantles for the holidays. The small trees and leafless bushes in the meadows and along the river were glistening with hoar frost, and suggested a bridal fete of an Indian maid and brave, who once had lived in those meadows before the coming of the white man.

For two days our little party of five young people were photographed as they traveled single file on a snowshoe pilgrimage through the forest, rode on sleds, tobogganed, skated on Mirror lake, or carried on a real snow battle on the banks of the frozen river with Yosemite Falls as a background. One day we climbed the icy Mist trail to the top of Vernal Fall. Every little while a large mass of ice, frozen water of the fall, would melt and break, crashing and roaring into the gorge below. Just under the rim, we passed very hurriedly through a cave hung with huge icicles, any one of which in

falling would have been dangerous. Fragments as large as a man's arm were strewn along the trail. The view looking over the fall on to the great ice masses below was thrilling and fantastic.

The high point of our trip was reached the day before New Year's, when we started up the snowy and partly frozen four miles of trail to Glacier Point. There were eight of us, three women and five men, the latter all huskies and used to winter trails. Each man carried part of the camera equipment, as it was necessary to take both movie and still cameras. These were heavy enough; about forty pounds apiece. Each woman carried about ten pounds, besides a pair of snowshoes to be used in the deep snow at the top. Up we toiled for four hours—good time on the slippery trail.

One of our party was a man of the Yosemite company, who had closed the Glacier Point hotel at the end of the season, and who had been sent to open it for us, that we might have food and beds without extra packing. This young man hurried ahead, and when we arrived we were greeted with a fire in the big stove, and hot coffee, soup and beans. Did anything ever taste better!

After a short rest, the men started out on snowshoes to gather wood for the fire-fall, which had been promised to those in the valley for New Year's Eve. Five Sierra Club men who were camping on the heights to enjoy the skiing, helped in the finding and hauling of the wood to the fire-fall rock overlooking the valley.

After strenuous work, the fire was laid, and an hour before the "fall" we had said half past eight—the fire was lighted. The wood must be burned to glowing embers before it is pushed over the brink to fall down the perpendicular rock toward Camp Curry, three thousand feet below. Mr. Curry himself, many years ago, introduced this beautiful and spectacular custom, but I doubt if ever before, the pleasure seekers in the valley had beheld its wonder in the dead of winter.

It was thrilling indeed from above where we stood hanging over the rail, to watch the glow descend into the softly lighted valley. Our fire-fall called a greeting, "Alf's well—a happy New Year!" An answering call "Happy New Year!" came from hundreds of voices below. A lighted flare was thrown far out into the air, and then the descent of the fiery fall, which lasted about three minutes, followed by another flare.

The great Half Dome just across the valley, and all the high peaks of the Sierras seemed to enter into the spirit of this ceremony, and to send out their deep and uplifting voices for a "Happy New Year to all the world!"

have come to believe in the McPherson conspiracy.

In 1906, there was a condition of municipal graft and dishonesty in San Francisco that has never been equalled in any American city. With others, Francis J. Heney began the work of cleaning up the corruption. There opposed him the entire underworld of San Francisco, leagued with politicians, with some of the city officials, and a considerable number of those business concerns that had resorted to illegal means to gain financial benefits. And with Heney's beginning of the work of reform, there was organized against him a gigantic conspiracy.

The details of that conspiracy would require too much space to even touch upon, but in their ramifications were included an attempt to murder Heney in the courtroom, a bullet going through his head; the kidnapping and attempts to assassinate Fremont Older, the dynamiting of the home of James Gallagher, a prosecution witness; and the mysterious final disappearance from a police tug of Chief Wm. J. Biggy, head of the S.F.P.D. This is enough to indicate to what lengths this conspiracy of 1906 went, and makes my theoretical conspiracy of 1926 in Los Angeles a weak side-show affair.

I was through that conspiracy of 1906 in a position to see its moves and marvel at its daring; to watch it raise smoke-screens behind which to hide. In this affair of 1926, many of the same methods have shown. In both, perjury is rampant; witnesses have disappeared; accidental ones have met sudden, "accidental" deaths; statements that seemed irrefutable have coincidentally been confounded; and clever detectives have found whatever evidence was needed.

The undoubted facts of the Almes McPherson disappearance are these: on the afternoon of May 18 last, on the beach at Ocean Park near Los Angeles, where she had driven with her secretary, she went bathing in the surf in a green suit. Afterward, while she was resting on the sands, her secretary left her to go to the hotel. Upon the secretary's return, Mrs. McPherson was missing, having gone still in her green bathing suit. After a search of several hours, the secretary notified the police of the disappearance, and a seven days' intensive search was made of ocean and shore for the body of the Angelus pastor.

During this period of search, an event happened that was given scant attention by either newspapers or police. An attorney of Los Angeles named McKinley reported that two men had come to his office, said that they had selected him to act for them because

he was blind, and could not identify them, and that they had Mr. McPherson in their hands, a would release her for \$50,000 ransom. At that time there was no other idea general than that Mr. McPherson was dead, drowned in the ocean. Attorney McKinley was killed in an automobile accident later; his testimony never was used; and a woman clerk in his office told some wonderful and conflicting stories later on. But, member that before any one has an idea of a kidnapping of Mrs. McPherson—at the very time she said to have been in a cottage Carmel with Ormiston—Attorney McKinley stated to the Los Angeles authorities that he believed she was held for ransom.

Had it been Mrs. McPherson's intention to let people believe that she was drowned, would she who that belief was gaining ground have allowed a story of kidnapping to get out to injure the theory her death in the surf? That is a reasonable, and has never been explained in any way.

Now compare Mrs. McPherson's story of what happened at Ocean Park in the interval when her secretary was away from her side—afternoon, with the theory of prosecutors, and compare them for reasonableness. She says that she sat on the sands, a weak came to her with the story of a sick child in an automobile at hand, begged her to give treatment. She went to where the car, with two men, one inside, other standing by it, was drawn and was hustled inside, and driven away.

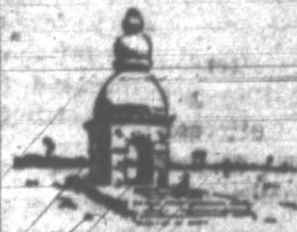
The prosecution's theory is she joined Ormiston in his car, left for Carmel, arriving in town in the early hours of morning of the 19th of May. argument is that no woman sound mind would begin a trust in a way to cause the sensational publicity possible. McPherson, had she so wise could have joined Ormiston or anywhere without raising a pile; could have remained with him without exciting comment. logical reason for starting a nest affair with a police belly and what would certainly be widespread search for her, has to be given. Publicity—a deal.

## L. D. WHIFFIN

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## Mrs. Mcpherson

(Continued from Page 2)

and the astounding growth of the cult that believed in these cures—these frauds, as the good people sincerely thought—made an attack upon the veracity of the gospel of the Temple welcome.

Such was the situation in Los Angeles in May, 1926. Before going further let me call attention to the parallel of San Francisco in 1906, for it is because of my knowledge of events there then that I



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Rates by the week

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# THE VILLAGE NEWS-REEL

Mrs. Courland J. Arne was called suddenly to Los Angeles Tuesday by the death of her brother, George Collins, who was killed in automobile accident there. Mr. Arne had been for a long time in employ of the Southern Pacific Railway. Mrs. Arne will return at the funeral.

Miss Janet Prentiss made a business trip to San Francisco this week taking advantage of the occasion to end the Miracle play. She went Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Whitney are in San Francisco for a few days, guests of friends.

Dorothy Rischel has returned to her position at Whitney's after a short illness.

War Mothers of the Monterey Peninsula are requested to save Sunday, January 15th for the first meeting of the year, when reports past business and an election of officers will form the program. Mrs. O. D. Burnette, 112 Fourth street, Pacific Grove, will be at the meeting. Mrs. J. P. Pryor, president, left last Monday for Palo Alto and San Francisco with jams, jellies and a consignment of clothing from the War Mothers and the American Legion Auxiliary. Mrs. Pryor expects to return in time for War Mother's business Tuesday, 15th. There are 16 members of the Peninsula and Mrs. Pryor presses the wish that all will attend this important meeting.

The Forest Hill School is sponsoring a performance of Perry Dill's puppets, to be given in the auditorium of Sunset School on Friday evening, January 21. This is the marionette show that has made a decided hit throughout California in which Grace Wickham, formerly of Carmel, is one of the puppeteers. "A Barrel of Trouble" is the very laughable play that will be given here.

Carmel Municipal business licenses for the first quarter of 1927 are now due and payable. A considerable number have been collected this week.

Charles S. Brooks, whose essays appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, the Bookman, and other literary publications, has been a guest at Pine Inn with his mother, Mrs. Stephen E. Brooks this past week. They come from Cleveland, Ohio.

Haldia Stabell is making a lecture tour through the southern states of California, teaching the subject of "The Body Beautiful." Her itinerary covers a large part of South of Tehachapi.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Guttererson were guests of the Paul Flanders over the week end. Mr. Guttererson is the prominent architect of San Francisco and Hatton Fields consultant.

From the University of California this week came a group of professors including Herbert E. Bolton, Frank C. Palm, E. T. Gatrige and Merrill Spalding. They made Pine Inn their home for the stay.

Miss Marie de Lavenga Welch, society woman of San Francisco, with Mrs. O. G. Anderson of Manchuria, were guests at Pine Inn this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Garner from Santa Barbara were the week end guests of Miss Kinsam Johnson.

Frank A. Clark has returned to Carmel after spending the holidays in San Francisco with friends.

Florence V. Wilson and master

Frances Wilson have returned to Carmel after an extended stay in Oakland and Berkeley, and are occupying the Wilson cottage on Monte Verde and Santa Lucia.

Mrs. W. C. Liston spent the week end in her cottage on north San Antonio street, which she recently purchased from Mary Mower. Mrs. Liston is from Oakland.

Word has been received from Dallas, Texas, that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Winslett are again the parents of a son, born on January first. The other children are girls. Mrs. Winslett will be remembered as Claribel Rask, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Rask.

Mr. R. C. Covington arrived last Friday from Bowling Green, Kentucky. Mrs. Covington accompanied him as far as Santa Barbara, where she will visit friends for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Covington will occupy their attractive home in the south end of town, until the fall.

Miss Ida Maynard Curtis has left for a month's stay in Pasadena, where she will visit her sister, and also have an exhibition of her pictures at the Grace Nicholson Gallery in Pasadena.

After the Saturday night performance of "They Knew What They Wanted" Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kuster entertained the cast and "stage hands" at a spaghetti supper in the attractive foyer of the theatre. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bickle, Mr. and Mrs. Metz Durham, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Koepf, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, Mrs. Bromwell, Mrs. Stuart Walcott, Mrs. William Argo, Misses Marcelle Radgesky, Marika Farwell, Marjorie Arnold White, Messrs. George Ball, Peter Friedrichson, George Bain, John Bartlett, Lyle Palmer, Gordon Palmer.

J. J. Flaherty of the San Francisco division plant of the Pacific Telephone company was in town this week inspecting the company's leased lines on the Peninsula.

For the first time in its history, the Sunset School will admit a class of beginners at the mid-year. The term will open Monday, January 24, and all children who will be six years old within three months of that date are eligible for admission at that time.

Dr. Charles Lowell has returned from a business trip from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Turner, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Mark Daniels, in Los Angeles for the past three months, have returned to their attractive home on north Carmelo street.

Miss Margaret Wood returned this week to her studies at the University of California. Miss Wood spent the holidays with her mother and two brothers at their home in north Carmel.

Mrs. Geo. E. Stone and Mrs. Marge Morrow will see "The Miracle" in San Francisco Saturday night.

Mrs. McGullicuddy of Carmel Highlands entertained at tea on Sunday afternoon in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Chandsey, who are in Carmel for some months. Some of those asked to meet the Chandseys were: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tickle, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Todd, Mrs. Wellington Clarke, Misses Ella Shaw, Juanita Todd, Katherine Cooke and Mr. Ernest Schweninger.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Shand of

Carmel entertained at dinner and bridge on Sunday evening, when their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Chapel Judson, Miss Helen Judson and Mr. Harry Parker.

Mrs. Roberta Letich, Mrs. Olivia Warfield and Miss Blanche Tolmie have returned from a four days' motor trip to Merced.

Louis Legendre, who has been seriously ill at a hospital in Monterey, was brought back to his home in Carmel Wednesday. Friends of the artist are pleased with reports of his rapid convalescence.

Miss Ora B. Hazeltine has returned from a weeks holiday in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Johnson have returned from San Jose, where they motored last Sunday to attend the Johnson family reunion at the Vendome hotel.

Miss Geneva Christmas is spending the week end in San Jose with her parents.

Charlotte Waterman and Eva Belle Adams are in Southern California for a two months' holiday. While away they will visit Los Angeles, Pasadena and Palm Springs.

Barney Seigal has returned from San Francisco where he motored to see "The Miracle."

Miss Ida Maynard Curtis is exhibiting several of her paintings at the Nicholson Gallery in Pasadena. She will be away for about a month.

Miss Jean Stewart of Pebble Beach has returned from a short visit to San Jose. Miss Vivian Force motored as far as San Jose with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Orcutt, who are expected home today.

Colonel and Mrs. James Parker have returned to their home in Los Gatos after a weeks' holiday in "The Hut" on San Antonio street.

Friends of Stuart Walcott are pleased to hear that he has completely recovered from the attack of measles with which he greeted the New Year, and has left the hospital in Los Angeles. He leaves on Friday for the north as radio operator on a ship.

Mrs. Sydney Yard has returned home from San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Chapel Judson. Mrs. Yard is extremely grateful to all her friends who sent her cards of remembrance while she was in the hospital, and is appreciative of their thoughtfulness.

Miss Pamela Clough is spending a few days in San Francisco. Master Andrew Clough will board at Forest Hill school while she is out of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fuller Stoddard of New York City, are guests at Pebble Beach Lodge. It is of interest that Mr. Stoddard is the inventor of the Ampico, Talbert and Winsor Josselyn motored the Stoddards to San Francisco for several days. They will return for the week end.

Mrs. Halstead Yates is in San Francisco for a week or ten days.

Mrs. Mattie Perkins, who has been living in the small Byrnes cottage for some time, left on Thursday for her home in Berkeley.

Mrs. James McGrury of Hollister and her small daughter, Ellen Pearl are visiting Mrs. McGrury's sister, Miss Stella Gulchard.

Major Ridley of the San Francisco Presidio and Mrs. Ridley, who were in the Stillman cottage over the holiday, entertained a large houseparty for the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Achille Roos have returned to San Francisco from the Peninsula where they spent the holidays.

Colonel and Mrs. Rush Wallace have returned to their quarters on Mare Island from Carmel, where they have been for the past week the guests of friends.

Miss Mary Allen of Los Angeles is a visitor in town.

Mrs. Tack Knight is in Carmel for some time. Mr. Knight is at present in New York.

Dr. H. M. Meek and Mrs. Meek of Oakland entertained at a house-party in the Landsberger cottage over New Years, and invited many Carmelites to a party on the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. DeYoe and Mrs. Madge Tooley have returned to town from Los Angeles, where they spent the New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Garner left Saturday for Santa Barbara, after spending several days in town the guests of Miss Kinsam Johnson.

Colonel and Mrs. Bennett and their niece have returned from Palo Alto where they spent the New Years holidays.

Mrs. Hazel Flanders returned on Friday night from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Norton mo-

tored up to Berkeley where they will spend a few days. Mrs. Tack Knight is in Carmel for some time. Mr. Knight is at present in New York.

Miss Iris Tree, of the cast of "The Miracle" is staying at Pebble Beach Lodge. She and Lady Diana Manners are planning to come to the Peninsula for a fortnight, at the closing of the play.

## SLIP INN

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Lunch—12 to 1:30  
Dinner—5:30 to 6:30  
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Mrs. Ethel P. Young and Mrs. Robert Stanton left Friday for Santa Barbara where they will remain for several days. Mr. Stanton is also in the south.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bechdolt have returned to Carmel from San Francisco, where they went to see "The Miracle."

Miss Sarah Lee Nelson is visiting in San Francisco, where she will be the guest of friends for a fortnight.

Mr. R. W. Covington has arrived in Carmel from Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Mrs. Covington is the guest of friends in Santa Barbara before coming to Carmel.

Harrison Godwin came down from San Francisco and spent the week end in town.

Mrs. James Hopper and Miss Jane Hopper have returned to Carmel from San Francisco, where they have been staying for some time.

Gordon Greene and Thomas Hooper have returned to Berkeley where they are attending the University of California.

Miss Lillian Ferguson, artist from Laguna Beach, is in Carmel visiting her brother Warren Ferguson, who has just purchased a home site in Hatton Fields. They are at present in the Wee House on San Antonio until the completion of their new home.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Fletcher of Rochester, Minn., were in Carmel over the week end, the guests of friends. They intend to come to Carmel again on their way home from the south in March.

Mrs. Druhe and Miss Dorothy Druhe have taken one of the cottages in Hollyhock Court for the week. Mr. Ted Druhe drove his mother and sister down from Berkeley, returning home on Saturday.

Dr. Amelia Gates is in San Francisco for several days.

Mrs. Leigh Liston who came down from Berkeley for a few days and was in her own home on San Antonio, has returned to Berkeley.

Mrs. Dorothy Wilson of Pebble Beach is leaving Wednesday with her mother and father, Dr. and Mrs. Sutphen, for a months' trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandsey have taken the lower Hill cottage for several months.

Mrs. Ordway has arrived from New York and is the guest of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Van Riper. Mrs. Van Riper's sister, Mrs. Tunison and her small daughter Ordway are also visiting the Van Ripers. Mr. Tunison is expected from the east later.

Mrs. Sydney Yard has returned to her home from San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Chapel Judson motored up to bring Mrs. Yard home.

Mrs. Halstead Yates has returned from a week's stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Reynolds spent the week end at the Trails Club in the Big Sur country, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Russell Field.

Mr. Noah Whitney who has been in Carmel for several weeks, is in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Shallue and the Misses Mary and Claire Shallue, and James Connolly were in town Monday from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gutterson were the week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flanders. Gutterson is the supervising architect and vice-president of the Carmel Land company.

Mrs. Olivia Warfield, Mrs. Leitch and Miss Blanche Tolmie motored to San Francisco to attend "The Miracle."

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Lachmund have returned to their home in Duluth and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachmund have left for Portland. They spent the holidays with their mother, Mrs. Mabel Grey Young.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Bradfield of Sheridan, Wyoming, are at Pine Inn for some time.

Charles C. Brooks, an essayist of Cleveland, Ohio, who has been staying in town at Pine Inn, left yesterday morning for the south.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Van Dyke of the University of California came down from Berkeley and were the week end guests of Mr. Julius A. Landsberger. Dr. Van Dyke spoke at a luncheon at the San Carlos hotel on Sunday on the subject of tree diseases.

Mayor Jordan, Mr. Jack Jordan and Mrs. McReaby left on Tuesday for Oakland where they will meet Mrs. Jordan. They expect to return on Thursday.

Mrs. O. G. Anderson of Manchuria, China, and Miss Mariede La G. Welch, of San Francisco, were

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week end guests in Carmel.

Miss Barbara Fairbairn, of the Nature Study Class of the Carmel Woman's club, has made a "Mushroom Ballet" out of inverted mushrooms, with tiny mushroom caps and small painted round faces. She calls them the "Carmel Follies" and they were exhibited at the Monday meeting of the club, and in a store window on Dolores street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton and

Mrs. Ethel P. Young have returned from a trip to Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

Thomas Bickle has returned from a short business trip to San Francisco. Mrs. Bickle will return Wednesday.

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# In The Village Street

## NOT IN THE SCRIPT

Sitting at the Round Table the other day, the talk turned, as often does, on things dramatic Carmel. It was decided that the most of the comedies given are amusing, it was the unexpected comedy injected into plays by busy little Theatians, that furnished the real laughs. We all are our favorite jest, but it is to beat the time that Xavier Inez, the artist was in town, played in "The Toad." He had a line. As he entered with a up of assassin he was supposed say, "I pierced him with my knife." Never was any part so gently studied. Martinez would pick up and down back of the last Theatre whittling violently the wooden knife he was making to carry in his big scene. And would say his line aloud, then the playwright, "My God, Ber, I must learn set so well, I will not spoil your so beautiful." The first night of the play he forgot it entirely, and, all the her murderers, struck by the one bright thought, cried in unison, "I pierced him with my knife." Martinez was broken hearted, and acted harder than ever, and told a companion not to dare steal line that second night. They did. Martinez' mouth opened twice or three, and then with a roar filled the theatre he said "My God, I killed him with these knives." The newcomer to Carmel smiled and remarked that those funny things don't happen now. Just not they. Last summer at the

first performance of "Arms and the Man," Herbert Heron, co-director and leading man, announced modestly and prudishly "I am not that kind of a girl," instead of "that kind of a man." The roar of joy that greeted the speech was greater in volume than any that Shaw's lines could draw. Then there is the epic of William Kibbler, who got his foot caught in a tomato can and held up the action in "Tustala" until it was wrenched off (the can, not the foot), but I expect the director wouldn't have cared much if the foot had come too. In Caesar and Cleopatra, the fourth of July show five years ago, George Seldeneck was helping with the spotlights, and in one act went up a tree near the stage to the little platform where he was supposed to stand and switch the light from one player to Cleopatra when she entered. He didn't move the light. Cleopatra entered without any spot, and after the curtain was drawn, the late stage manager rushed over to the tree and started in, but was interrupted by a voice of suppressed fury from the tree—"Come up here and get this blankety-blank light! The platform broke and I haven't move myself, let alone work the light." He was forgiven. It was on the night of the last performance of this same drama that Evan Mosher, who played a double role, had to stand with a group in the last act, and watch Caesar, Cleopatra, and the other principals converse. His mind went back to "The Yellow Jacket,"

and he was thinking of one of the speeches in that play. Suddenly William Kibbler, captain of the Queen's Guard, addressed a cue line to Mosher. His reply as written by Shaw was "Yes, meen too humble to be rivals." Instead Mosher gave with unctious about ten lines from "The Yellow Jacket," and then stopped. Kibbler gazed at him, and came right back with his own reply as written by Shaw, "Ah, subtle one." It was more apropos than he guessed. In "Doubling in Brass" the murdered man moved almost a foot after he was murdered, which didn't help the realism at all, and in "Shore Acres" John Northern Hillard, who played the old light-house keeper, and limped realistically on the left leg, went up the stairs, and came down limping on the right leg. **PRESSED FOR TIME** "What time is it, please?" "A quarter of three." "Oh, my! I've gotta run all the way home. Goodbye, mister." "What's the sudden rush?" "Mamma puts me to bed 'less I'm home by three." The conversation is an almost daily one between a wee lad and one or other of the men down town who have time and inclination to talk with wee lads. It may be Marshall Wermuth, waiting on the bench for the starting schedule of his stage; or Irvin Henry at the filling station; or Tex at Hodge's stable; or Gus from his horse. The boy converses easily and diligently with any grown-up who will attend. And knowing his propensity, a loving mother has given him one hour to come from Sunset School to the house. In the concentration of man-talk, that dead-line sneaks away to a paltry fifteen minutes, and the boy starts at a dog-trot up the long hill home. True he must stop to throw a stone or two into the canyon from "Top o' the Hill," just to hear the rattle of brush, or to pick a red geranium from under the Padre Serra's wooden feet, to bring to his little sister. Then he breaks into a run to make up time lost, and at full speed, flings through the door of home. "What—gasp—time's—gasp—Mamma?"

## A HURRY CALL

Dr. R. A. Kocher went over to Salinas last week to attend the County Medical Association meeting, and brought back with him this story of one of the county doctors. One night Dr. W. Roland Reeves of Salinas was called out of bed about three a.m. and found a Japanese waiting to see him. "My wife she very sick, you come with me," said he. Dr. Reeves dressed and started to get his car. "No, no, you leave car here, come my car." When the doctor got in the Jap's Ford he was given a pair of hip boots and told to put them on, for they had to walk through mud. The Jap seemed quite in earnest and pulled on another pair himself, and they got out of the car at the edge of a dark road and plunged into the mud. It was mud, too, and after about half a mile's struggling through thick adobe the doctor gasped: "Say, tell me, is your wife very sick?" "Oh yes," replied the Oriental as he moved stubbornly forward. "She very bad, she die last night and I want you to sign death certificate."

## NUTS FOR THE VETERINARY

Ocean Avenue was the scene of interecine strife this week. As

a result Bobby Remsen is a sadder, but not a wiser dog, John Byrnes Remsen wears the satisfied air of a victor, and an unknown police dog is thanking the dog star that Bobby and John were shut up in a Dodge sedan. It all happened this way. Yodee Remsen drove up to the office of the Carmel Land company, and went in, leaving her three dogs in the car. Boots, her first love, is a white Scotch Terrier, who is feeling very proud of himself because his photo and life story have recently appeared in a Kansas Kennel Club magazine with that of his friend and companion Pepi Supi Swinnerton, Indian dog belonging to James Swinnerton. With Boots was Bobby, wire haired terrier and a fighter of parts. Also the latest addition to the family, John Byrnes Remsen, an underslung model of a Sealyham. They appeared quite friendly until along the street loped a police dog. The sight of the three small

dogs comfortably riding while he walked, brought out all the Soviet tendencies in him. He leaped at the car, barked and tore at the door with tooth and nail. Bobby and John replied in kind from inside the car. The din was merry but the police dogs' owner beat him away, leaving two small dogs rarin' to go. They went. Yodee says Bobby started it, he always starts every fight. He took one look at John and remembered he never liked him anyway, and before John could say "Woof," Bobby had jumped him. Then John arose and remembering the gala day he nearly killed an Airedale on the beach, mixed it with the smaller Bobby. Pandemonium was at its height when Yodee and Paul Flanders ran out of the office and tried to separate them. They choked them, they pulled at them, but until John was carried bodily in the office and Bobby was at the veterinary's there was no peace. The veterinary's home is no new place to Bobby, as he was there

## No. of Bank 790 Combined Report of Condition

## OF THE BANK OF CARMEL

AS OF  
Close of Business, December 31, 1926

### RESOURCES

	Commercial	Savings	Combined
1 & 2 Loans and discounts (including rediscounts) . . .	\$231 445 39	\$171 602 91	\$403 048 30
3. Overdrafts . . .	77 26		77 26
4. United States securities owned . . .	24 539 05	2 996 88	27 535 93
5. Bonds, warrants, securities (including premiums thereon, less all offsetting bond adjustment accounts) . . .	12 929 62		12 929 62
6. Bank premises, furniture, fixtures and safe deposit vaults . . .	16 730 97		16 730 97
7. Due from other banks . . .	83 299 30	24 666 30	107 965 60
8. Actual cash on hand . . .	18 812 08	5 000 00	23 812 08
9. Checks and other cash items . . .	751 69		751 69
10. Other resources . . .	10 00		10 00
<b>Total . . .</b>	<b>\$388 595 36</b>	<b>\$204 266 09</b>	<b>\$592 861 45</b>

### LIABILITIES

	Commercial	Savings	Combined
11. Capital paid in . . .	\$30 000 00	\$20 000 00	\$ 50 000 00
12. Surplus . . .	4 000 00	2 000 00	6 000 00
13. All undivided profits (less expenses, interest and taxes paid) . . .	6 653 00	6 381 10	13 034 10
14. Deposits due to Banks . . .			
15a. Dividends Unpaid . . .			
15b. Individual deposits subject to check . . .	297 243 94		297 243 94
15c. Savings deposits . . .		175 884 99	175 884 99
15d. Certifi'd checks . . .	296 65		296 65
15e. Cashier's ch'ks . . .	21 643 45		21 643 45
15f. State, county and municipal deposits . . .	28 758 32		28 758 32
<b>Total . . .</b>	<b>\$388 595 36</b>	<b>\$204 266 09</b>	<b>\$592 861 45</b>

State of California } ss.  
County of Monterey }  
C. O. GOOLD, Vice-President, and B. J. SEGAL, Secretary of the Bank of Carmel, being duly sworn, each for himself, says he has a personal knowledge of the matters contained in the foregoing report of condition and that every allegation, statement, matter and thing therein contained, is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

(Signed) C. O. GOOLD, Vice-President.  
(Signed) B. J. SEGAL, Secretary.  
Severally subscribed and sworn to before me, by both deponents the 8th day of January, 1927.  
[Seal]  
R. C. DeYOE,  
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few weeks ago to get a leg repaired after a fight, and Captain Dornblazer says he is the "Best patient he ever had." He is probably the most constant, at any rate.

And Boots! Well, Boots crouched in a corner while the battle was going on, he took no sides. "Let

these two interlopers fight," he seemed to say. "maybe they'll kill each other." Boots was at a few rehearsals of "One of the Family." His expression seemed to repeat one line of Henry Adams: "I used to have a peaceful home, but now look at the darn thing."



"Railroad wrecks can be prevented easy as can be," observed Old Al from his place in the sun beside the barber shop door, "but the preventin' of 'em sometimes makes worse trouble than the wreck itself. Leastwise, it did in one case I know of."

The barber lowered his pink newspaper of the previous evening's publication, and looked from

where he was sitting in the shop's sitting at ease in the sunlight.

"Yes, sir," pursued Al, nodding recognition of the barber's wholehearted attention, "I once was a brakeman on the railroad where they tried out an invention to stop wrecks absolutely, and what happened was so terrible that the road was tied up for a month."

"Seems like the feller who invented the thing went on the idea that what don't hit you don't hurt you, like if axiators was always to keep off the ground instead of on it and then havin' it come up and hit 'em just when they're goin' fine. And as this railroad was only a single track affair, he figured out how if he kept the trains from bumpin' each other he'd keep 'em from gettin' wrecked."

The old man ran ruminative fingers through his close, white beard and shook his head.

"But like most inventors, he wasn't a practical man, and wanted to keep his invention a secret until he'd proved it to the world and got it patented. So didn't tell the railroad company about his scheme, but just a and bought some of their old cars and an engine and took 'em off by themselves and built his invention onto 'em."

"His invention, let me say right here, was a set of rails run along the tops of the cars, and either end of the train the rails bent down gradual until they most touched the rails the train was runnin' on. Idee was when another train come along the opposite way it would simply go up on top of the first train and run along it and down off the rear end and so on its way. No theory, ain't it?"

Al greeted a passerby and agreed that it sure was a cold winter.

"Well, this inventor got a train all fitted with these new rails on top, and watched for chance. He knew that the express come along every afternoon where his secret siding was in the woods, and a little way up the track was a high trestle over a river. What a nice thing, he thought, to have this here take place on the trestle. And he planned it just that way."

"Out on the main track he ran his train, with himself at the throttle—and he was a brave feller I must admit—and got up more and more speed until he was clickin' along pretty by the time he hit the trestle. And just as he did so, the express hits the other end of it, clickin' along nice, too."

Al showed with his hands the dramatic approach of the trains.

"The inventor toots his whistle real cheery like, to let the other engineer know it's all right, but the other feller don't get it, thought at all and he acted like was a combination of Pete on Old Ninety-seven and Casey Jop comin' into Reno Hill. He let off everything else and just hit onto the whistle and the bell."

"Now they was on the trestle now they was chargin' right in each other—now they was too in' cowcatchers—And then the express takes a rise in the air and screeched up on top of the inventor's train and began to run along it. And everybody was near or except the inventor, and he whoopin' with joy over the way his invention was workin'."

"But he hadn't counted on the bridge bein' built for only one train at a time. Under the weight of two trains the bridge just bust all to pieces, and before you could wink an eye the whole thing—two trains and a bridge—fell into the river and there was a wreck that won't ever be seen again, it was awful, and the inventor drowned himself right there, was so disappointed the way the thing come out."

Another passerby called he and took Al's mind away from the horrors of railroading. It was a girl who had called, a girl three whose brown hair ran a bright ribbon.

"Darndest month for birthday," commented Al to the barber, "I of my friends got 'em. Take for instance Mary, who just went by serious like: eighteen in a couple of days, and all grown up. By golly, it reminds me—"

(Continued on page 13)

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**Reasonable Property Restrictions, to preserve the atmosphere and the personality of Los Ranchitos.**

**All Home-Sits containing more than two acres; no "lots", no cabin-sites, no picnic grounds.**

**Bridle Trails and Lanes through a thousand acres for the use of all property owners.**

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That is Los Ranchitos Del Carmelo ("The Little Ranches of the Carmel")—35 minutes from Monterey over a splendid highway—30 minutes from Ocean Avenue, Carmel—in the heart of the most beautiful and climatically satisfying part of the lovely and intimate Carmel Valley. A new conception in subdivisions in the peace, the quiet and the bounty of the countryside.

For Information

## Carmel Realty Company

R. C. DE YOE, Realtor

Ocean Avenue at Dolores Street, Carmel

Phone Carmel 21



# HERE'S WHAT THE EDITORS HAVE TO SAY

## HAIL! BRIGHT MORN!

The most that might be said about the incorporated Carmel Woman's Club would be insufficient in the light of its new vitality. It has risen like a phoenix, shedding plans of beauty from its garden circle, ideas of world events from its enlightening and instructive forum, thoughts of civic betterment from its civics' class, and lastly the dream of an Institute of Foreign Affairs as perhaps its main objective, to be held in the coming summer.

It may be too much to expect even more—but more would not be startling, as there is energy and ideas to spare among the leaders of the Club.

That this should have happened in Carmel is not surprising. But that it should have been predicted, six months ago, as the un doubted attainment of the Woman's Club would indeed have been surprising and would have evoked the comment, "Let them dream on."

The "success story" is not yet written. Because it has been a Carmel affair it may never undertake the braggadocio of a "success story." But there is something inspirational in the thought of the rather mordant club of 21 members in the month of December, that is a vital, impelling part of the life of Carmel in January, with more than an hundred members—and with the outsiders of the manly sex rowding to get into sight and hearing of anything the women are now doing.

Will they really have their Institute and make a success of it? Of course, of course—of course, old man. What else, now, can you expect?

## THOU ART A JEWEL

Local merchants are grinning at the consistency of the Monterey Chamber of Commerce. Last Wednesday in the mail most residents of Carmel received envelopes containing a warning issued, or "endorsed," by the Monterey Chamber, one clause of which read: "The dollar that is spent with our local merchants continues to play its part in the activities of this town." Again, it had the slogans, "Loyalty to your Home-town Merchants" and "Keep the dollar at home," as part of its treachment.

Fair enough; but accompanying this circular, in the same envelope, was a four-page, full-size, 72-point black-face type advertisement of a Monterey Department Store!

"I was never so insulted in my life," remarked Paul J. Denny, and other business men shrugged and grinned as they read the Monterey Chamber's warning against the sin of trading away from home, while bidding for Carmel's trade.

## WE CALL IT TO YOUR ATTENTION

There is elsewhere an interesting communication from Dr. J. L. D. Roberts, supervisor from this district, regarding the Point Lobos matter, and about toll-gates there, and upon the Del Monte Properties' Seventeen Mile Drive. This much, at least, has come from the Pine Cone's editorial, "Toll Gates and the Open Roads," and it would seem possible that besides the knowledge of conditions that it is opening up, it might also open up a gate or two.

But Supervisor Roberts knows that he ducks the issue when he makes the fine-drawn legal distinction between Point Lobos and the seventeen Mile Drive. Supervisor Roberts knows that the county could at any time, and can today, put a free road through the Del Monte Properties from Carmel to Pacific Grove. Supervisor Roberts also knows that neither toll-gate on the drive can exist if the Board of Supervisors wants to "abate" it.

Nor does that mean that we dispute the points he makes as to man filings and vested rights, or that we are certain that the time has come when it would be wisdom to open the gates. We do say that they exist only by sufferance of the Board of Supervisors, and that condemnation proceedings for a parallel road would lift the barriers. Certainly with as good a case as the one against A. M. Allen, in which the naive Dr. Roberts already renders judgment of court, the Del Monte Properties Co. could be wrangled at law to submission.

There is a good word in the doctor's letter: that the county, in the event of that court decision in its favor that the doctor is so sure of, has no intention of making Point Lobos "a campground, or a rowdy gathering place, or a dumping ground for tin cans and waste paper." The added assurance that the Board of

## Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

Established February 10, 1915.  
Published Weekly by the Pine Cone Press Publishing Co.  
Entered as second-class matter February 10, 1915, at the postoffice at Carmel, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.  
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The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.  
PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

All display advertising must be in the Pine Cone office not later than Wednesday noon for insertion in the Friday issue. Display advertising rates will be furnished upon request.

## New Year's Thoughts

(Written for the Pine Cone)

By ALYSON PALMER

If I might mail to each dear distant friend  
The gift that would return the greatest joy,  
I would not be furnished trinkets I would send,  
Nor kindred ornaments of base alloy.  
For thieves break in and plunder while we sleep  
And gems may lose their luster in a day,  
Then would I give you something you could keep,  
A gift no human hand could take away.

I'd send a song a sainted mother sang,  
A breath of roses that your childhood knew,  
An echo of a playmate's voice that rang  
Thru summer twilights as he called to you.  
I'd send the words a loving father said,  
The sound of bells beneath the winter stars,  
A vision of the embers glowing red  
And patient herds beside the pasture bars.

I'd send the restful slumber once again  
That comes alone to those in childhood's bed;  
Wooed by the soothing rhythm of the rain  
That purrs upon the shingles overhead.  
I'd send the morning carol of the lark,  
A touch of dew upon your sunburned feet,  
The plaintive notes of whippoorwills at dark  
When lights are gleaming down the village street.

Thus would I send the treasured gems of youth,  
The memory of those days we've lost but love,  
A wondrous, priceless heritage, in truth,  
The only thing that man can't rob us of.

## Hoofs of Pan

(Written for Pine Cone)

Oh, the little sharp hoofs of the little god, Pan;  
Little half-moons against tawny leather,  
They've danced thru my heart since the world began.

They clinked the pebbles where ripples ran.  
They flicked the leaves like a golden feather.  
Oh, the little sharp hoofs of the little god, Pan.

His clear pipe is calling his caravan  
To follow his hoofs thru the sweet wet weather,  
They've danced thru my heart since the world began.

What is your love, you civilized man  
We never could mate nor yet come together.  
Oh, the little sharp hoofs of the little god, Pan.

Think of me then as a courtesan  
For I follow his hoofs thru the wild blue heather,  
They've danced thru my heart since the world began.

I heard his clear pipe for a moment's span.  
I'm off in haste thru the mad spring weather.  
They've danced thru my heart since the world began.  
Oh, the little sharp hoofs of the little god, Pan.

## The Moment

By ALICE BROWN

(In January Atlantic Monthly)

Last miracle of all the motes of time,  
But now become my bride, my spirit's bliss,  
Only to die in evanescent prime  
Like love expiring upon a kiss!  
Now while I have thee mine, I have the whole  
This rounded earth has to her children lent,  
The moon and sea and their pervasive soul  
That is the breath of beauty's bodiment.  
Go not! though thy dim crowding sisters throng.

The sequence of inexorable days,  
Daughters of bliss or pain, lament and song,  
Pausing no more than thou for prayer or praise,  
Still to my eyes let thy dear beauties be  
The untroubled star in waveless memory.

Supervisors has no intention now, or at any other time, of turning the park over to the State isn't so good. Quite likely the State would handle it better than the county could, and at less expense, of course, to our taxpayers. However, we can reserve judgment on that until the courts render the judgement that the doctor forecasts.

## DIFFIDENTLY OFFERED

Municipal slogans being the order of the day, we suggest one for Carmel to place beside Monterey's "Straight ahead," and San Francisco's "1,000,000 in 1930."

The offering of the Pine Cone is not original, like these other two slogans. In fact, our slogan was a proverb in China when occidental civilization was a pup. It would not fit any other city than Carmel; maybe it won't fit Carmel. But we offer it, agreeing to take it back if not usable, keeping it for personal sloganizing. It is,  
"If you have but two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a lily."

## GRIN AWAY, DARN YOU!

A bulletin issued to the newspapers, "for release in morning papers January 6," by Californians, Inc., sets forth the advertising campaign they have planned for 1927 to "exploit San Francisco and its supporting districts." \$250,000 will be spent for display space in East and Middle West publications with a total circulation of 18,824,531.

"Publications have been selected," says the bulletin, "Representing a national audience reaching from the middle class upward; financially speaking, with the purpose of attracting those who have, at least, some capital, as well as other resources to invest in California development."

"A bigger proportion of this advertising will be directed to attracting tourists than in previous years, as improved train schedules and the condition of transcontinental automobile routes leading to San Francisco are ripe for the influx. Carmel, which is one of the supporting districts of San Francisco," will feel the result of this advertising without a doubt, and as we can't help being "exploited," and can't dam the inevitable result of that advertising campaign, we must expect more tourists than ever before. Grin and bear it.

And many of us will grin quite cheerfully. The money that the tourist leaves in Carmel is welcome. It will mean the continuation of high rent receipts, of business for our merchants, and added prosperity to our hotels. We can suffer those things with considerable equanimity, especially as that prosperity stops over to give the man who works a steady job. And those of us who would prefer fewer, rather than more, tourists on sidewalks or beach or wooded hillside, must take our dose willy-nilly. Californians Inc. is advertising. Prospects will read those ads and become tourists. And tourists will come this summer to Carmel.

## THAT NEIGHBORLY SPIRIT

In Pacific Grove there is an organization called The Neighbors. You have doubtless heard of it. It was given a streamer headline in the Monterey Peninsula Herald, last Tuesday. It began with flowers, and, very pertinently, the ladies said it with flowers over the prostrate forms of their adversaries, in the election last Monday.

About three years ago The Neighbors became an organization. A few fine women of Pacific Grove, who loved gardens and believed that a neighbor who grew flowers and perhaps a bit of lawn was a more pleasant sort of fellow citizen than a near-resident who exhibited weeds, hard-pan or piles of rubbish in his yard; had a little get-together and decided to promote gardening in Pacific Grove. Instead of exchanging jams and jellies in the dear old-fashioned American method, they began to exchange seeds and little plants and shrubs. They showed near-residents how to become neighbors by working up their soil and putting in tiny seeds that had a hidden power for beauty and friendship. They had "flower sales," selling ten cent bunches, so as to finance their program. They had a few energetic members who occasionally dropped five or ten dollars in the treasury. And so they began.

The Neighbors noted that the city parks had become rather run down, and they asked Pacific Grove trustees for a small appropriation, which, added to what they dug up and the labor they and their friends cheerfully do-



# TAKE IT, LEAVE IT, OR CHUCK IT AWAY

nated, began to transform the parks of the town and to do something with the once hideous Lighthouse embankment. Men began to be interested. The Neighbors looked serious.

Contact with municipal government—and the Grove has always had a good, economical government—convinced the ladies that better government might be possible. A few rather scarring encounters with the present city administration of Pacific Grove added to that conviction. Both the city administration and The Neighbors were sincere, but they did not exactly get along. There was a brief brush with the Pacific Grove Chamber of Commerce when The Neighbors decided that the "tourist camp ground" in the finest and largest city park was not the proper thing for the finest and largest city park, nor for the property of residents in that district. The Neighbors were licked, but they learned something about politics.

Early last year the ladies decided that gardens would grow better, and parks might be more scientifically planted and kept up—and many other things might be more pleasant, including the condition of the gravel streets. If Pacific Grove had a new charter and a city manager. They found the board of trustees in utter disagreement with them. So they set out to secure a census, to find if there was sufficient population for the new charter and the desired city manager. The trustees bucked again. The Neighbors formed "the Black Watch." The town divided its support. The city attorney held firm. The ladies engaged an attorney of their own. The battle was long drawn. The Neighbors won. The census was taken. Pacific Grove had grown. The charter fight was on.

The Neighbors formed a Neighbors' ticket. It was a thoroughly good ticket, made up mainly of men well respected for their judgment. It was a surprisingly wise and popular ticket. In fact, it gave the opposition the pip when they read the names.

The opposition got up a little ticket, small in numbers, but, if elected and placed with the others, strong in its ability to use a monkey wrench in the Neighbors' machinery. So the girls went to work. They had learned something of politics. They knew how to use the phone, the handbill, the newspaper, and the automobile. And where their opponents used them all day, The Neighbors used them all day and all night as well.

Their ticket was elected, easily, hands down, completely. The women are sitting on top of the world in Pacific Grove. And it all came from scattering about a few seeds and passing little plants over the fence.

## THESE GODDAM PLAYS

In a communication printed elsewhere in the Pine Cone, Peter F. Mawdsley voices his objection to the profanity of the lines of "They Knew What They Wanted." Others of the audience have shrunk a bit, and said "Awful!"

Back of sophistication, of course. You should see and hear what goes on in Broadway. Say—

Yet never was a good play—and we don't refer to morals—hurt by pruning its vulgarities, obscenities and profanity. Shakespeare probably sneered at those in his audiences who objected to indecencies, and "Unsophisticated," and "You should see what goes on in London." But Shakespeare, expurgated, is still on the boards.

Shocking an audience with vulgarities, indecencies and profanity has been one way of gaining effects at all times since drama began. Howard's comedy is far from being the worst modern offender. "What Price Glory?" had more profanity. If pruning these lines really means spoiling the plays, the plays were spoiled in the writing. If unsophisticated

tion means taking precautions that our boys and girls—and ourselves—should not learn at the theatres what we try to keep them from learning in their other associations, then let's be unsophisticated.

## TRY THIS ON YOUR FISH-HOOK

We were talking with a Monterey business man.

"How was the Christmas season shopping in Carmel? Pretty good business or slow?" That was his question.

"Dunno, for dead sure," we answered, "but from several quarters we were told it wasn't quite what it might have been. Somewhat slow, probably."

"I thought so," he grinned affably. "You see, we are all tied up to fish around here, even Carmel."

"Elucidate," we requested.

"Well, it's like this," he began. "Our visitor business on the Monterey Peninsula is slow in the winter when it ought to be good—and plentiful in the summer because our summer weather is awful. So for a good half year, the mainstay of business in general—mark you, I say, IN GENERAL—in this locality is fish. Now fish, like tourists, bring new money in. Fish and the visitors are our one chance to even up the balance of trade. In everything else, trade goes against us, see?"

"Yes," we admitted. "That's what they call economics."

"Sure," he went on. "Well, to go further. The fisherman gets his fish. He pays for those fish with a lot of effort and a little gasoline and interest on a very small investment. He gets a fair price per ton and he spends it right away. The cannery receives the fish and blow their whistles, so that the cutters and other people come, and nearly two thousand people go to work to put the sardine into the can. They get a fair price for that, and they spend it right away. Get the point?"

"Go on," we said, breathlessly.

"Well, there were very few sardines brought to the canneries for the six weeks preceding Christmas. Therefore, the money having been spent for the former catches, there was no money to spend in Monterey."

"Hurry up to Carmel," we insisted, impatiently.

"Here's where Carmel comes in," our economic prof continued. "Fishermen don't patronize antique shops, tea rooms, and all the sort of thing you have in Carmel. They buy at stores in Monterey and Pacific Grove. Those stores have good times or slow times. Without plenty of fish in November and December, they had slow times. Now I have a hunch that although a great deal of your Carmel business does not come from Monterey and Pacific Grove, probably the margin between slow business in your town and good business is made up from the purchases of the other folks of the Monterey Peninsula. When the boot begins to pinch in Monterey, it goes all the way down the line. When the fisherman hasn't his sardine money, and the fish packing forces aren't at work, the boot pinches all the way even to the professions—doctors findine they can't collect their bills so readily, lawyers having to wait a little longer for their money, and dear, good ladies who love your shops discovering that their allowances are cut down. That good business, not phenomenal but nevertheless noteworthy, that you get right along from the customers you have in Monterey and Pacific Grove is real important. Probably it's your margin of profit. And the sardine has a lot to do with it."

That ended the lesson that began and finished on a curbstone on Alvarado street in Monterey. What do you think about it? Is it the real stuff on our economics, or is it merely fishy?

Post, and laughed over a string of pictures, with humorous captions, that told the story of a female orator and an overturned ink bottle. It was clever stuff, and excellent drawing, so I hunted the artist's name. Grant Wallace, in the familiar script of his signature.

Back to where I first knew him, making comics. And making them with exceptional art, and a keen sense of kindly humor.

At the same time that Grant Wallace was on the Examiner art department, Jimmie Swinnerton was doing that paper's cartoons, stretching John D. Spreckle's leg clear across the front page, or putting little bear-cubs hither and yon. Then Jimmie went east, and I saw him no more for twenty years.

One evening, several years back, the Blue Bird tea-room on Ocean avenue gave a party for the benefit of Arts and Crafts theater fund. I was in charge of the program, and was in the midst of an announcement of the next number, when Jimmie Swinnerton and his wife came in. They had motored down from Palo Alto, and dropped into the restaurant for their dinner.

Without changing the tone of my voice, or cracking the slightest smile, I went on with the announcement somewhat in this wise:

"... will be James Swinnerton, the eminent artist, who will tell you the story of how he lost the red vest with a double row of mother-of-pearl buttons that he was wearing the last time I saw him, twenty-odd years ago."

That, one would think, might have staggered him. To come into a crowded restaurant for dinner, to find, even before being seated at table, that he was to tell a story, and to have the very subject of the story settled for him, ought to be a knock-out blow. But Jimmie isn't one to take the count easily. He came through the applauding tables to me, said "Hello, Perry," recognizing me after all the years, and turned to an expectant audience. "Ladies, and gentlemen," he said, "I will tell you the story of the red vest with the two rows of mother-of-pearl buttons; which includes the tale of the San Mateo Paper Chase, the Widow with Money Galore, and the War Correspondent and the Borrowed Riding Breeches."

The story Jimmie told had the audience laughing every minute of it. It was the best number on the program. And afterward when I amazedly asked how he could possibly think up a good story so quickly, when even the subject was passed him cold, he told me the secret. That story was his favorite for use at Lamb's Club frolics, such places of entertainment; he knew it perfectly, and knew just how good it was. Nothing for him to get that story off to applause and laughter; it was sure-fire stuff. "But the red vest?" I questioned. "Was that coincidence? Is the red vest in the story?"

"Dragged in by the buckle-strap tonight," he said.

Mrs. Sidney J. Yard, back from a hospital in San Francisco to Carmel's fresh loveliness, was one of the organizers, and, I believe, the first president of the Arts & Crafts club a score of years ago. But it was before that I first met her, though she has probably forgotten the occasion.

I will never forget it. It was at a party at the home of John Kocher in San Jose, when I was running a weekly paper in that city. By the way, John is a brother of Dr. Kocher here. The event of the evening was a dramatic reading by Mrs. Yard, then with the College of the Pacific.

But what she read was driven entirely from my mind by the more

dramatic event immediately subsequent. I was standing in front of a three-foot high cloisonne vase when I congratulated Mrs. Yard upon her effective oratory, and being always an awkward lout, the bow that went with my compliments tipped the vase over and shattered it beyond repair.

I have been told that Mrs. Yard was the first instructor in elocution of Senator Samuel F. Shortridge, and as he is a graceful speaker, it is quite likely. However, I know that in Carmel's early days, one of the town's pleasures was to listen to her reading of plays or poems. Her husband, Sidney J. Yard, was an artist of great merit, and one of the first of the painters to discover Carmel.

They slammed us in the eye from the front pages of the Literary Digest—or perhaps from the Century magazine, or the Christian Science Monitor—from wherever, those pictures slammed us in the eye. There was something grotesquely fairylike, Jack-and-the-Bean-Stalky, about them. They were ultra modern, even cubist, yet they were entirely practical and entirely scientific.

They were Hugh Ferriss's architectural drawings of skyscrapers to be built under the zoning laws of New York City. To him had been given the task of visualizing construction when the law that limited the bulk of buildings went into effect. Under this statute, buildings must rise on their lot lines only to a certain height dependent upon the zone they are in, and the width of the street which the building faces, above which height they must recede inward as they ascend.

Though it was not the primary purpose of the law, the fact is that it took sky-scraping architecture out of engineering, and gave it in to art's hands. It forced construction away from the box form into lines of beauty. And Hugh Ferriss, artist, yet with an architectural training that began with his degree in Architecture from Washington University at St. Louis—his native city—through years of experience in tall building construction in New York—first with the architect Cass Gilbert, who built the Woolworth Building, afterwards in his own studio—was fortunately at hand to give the advantage of his genius to this demand for an eye that might visualize as an artist, yet keep to the ground of practicability.

Today Hugh Ferriss is known the world over—and broad as is that statement, it is not exaggerated—as "the artist whose subject is architecture." (The quotation is from the magazine Baukunst, publication in Germany.) His visualization in perspective of the plans of architects for enormous buildings in more than twenty-five American cities is his profession. A hundred architects are his clients. His drawings are exhibited in European capitals. Articles on his work are in magazines the world over.

And his pictures slam you in the eye. They take away your breath. They are so massively, masterfully powerful that they seem to hold something Jove-like. You ask yourself, can man make with stone, steel and concrete, what this man sees? Yet that is his profession—his art.

Hugh Ferriss is living this winter in Carmel. If you don't read the Pine Cone, you may know him. See him often, like him well, and never learn that he is able to—and does—outdo the Tower of Babel once or twice a year. He'll not bore you talking of his work. And he'll hate us for having told you a bit about it.

Deed: Nellie E. Seel and hus to Fred H. Case, Dec. 31, \$10. Lot 18, blk 33, 1st Add Pacific Grove.

# People Talked About

When I first hit California, in 1897, Grant Wallace was doing the supplement front page of the San Francisco Examiner. In those days, comics were drawn in the newspaper art rooms, not sent in a "mat" from a syndicate in New York, and Grant was an artist of comies.

I ran into him again, five or six

years later, when he was doing a column on the editorial page of the Bulletin, writing and illustrating it. Had to do with a mild sort of theosophy, good for the masses. Then came a lapse of years, and we met again in Carmel.

Those intervals were the years of adventuring in Wallace's life. He was a war correspondent during

the Jap-Russo mixup. He hunted big game with Buffalo Jones. He settled and helped colonize a coconut island off the west coast of Mexico. He planted and grew eucalyptus forests. He began writing books of serious importance and devoted his life to science.

Then, the other day, I picked up a copy of the Saturday Evening



# BOOK PLATES—An Interesting Craft of Ancient Origin Revived by Linoleum and Wood Blocks



Group of Book Plates, cut on linoleum by Mrs. John C. Kittle, of San Francisco and Carmel. Three of the book-plates are for books owned by children.

Almost as old as books and the printing art is the custom of book-plates, or Ex Libris, which bound or pasted inside the book itself give the individual owner, of the volume his claim against any borrower. And the oldest known book-plates, according to the Encyclopedia Britannica, were those pasted in books presented to the Carthusian monastery of Buxheim, Germany, by Brother Hildebrand Brandenburg of Biebrach, about the year 1480, and these were prints from wood cuts. As Gutenberg is supposed to have discovered printing sometime between 1450 and 1454—the latter being the first date ever placed upon a piece of printing—the monk's book-plates were likely done at his shop.

Anyhow it is curious to note that the need of identifying ownership in the books of one's library came on the heels of having books to place in one's library. Borrowing books followed printing books directly. And the vicious habit is the reason of necessity for the identifying ex-libris.

In France, Jean Bérard de la Tour-Blanche inserted book-plates in his volumes in 1529, and in England, Sir Nicholas Bacon, making a gift to the University of Cambridge in 1574 of a collection of books, had a gift-plate placed in each. Anna van der Aa of Holland seems to be the first woman to identify her literary property with a printed ex-libris. In America, one John Williams has the distinction of being the earliest, with a plain print book-plate in 1879.

Even at the beginning of this art, it seemed of enough importance to attract artists of renown, who designed and engraved book-plates. Albrecht Dürer, between 1503 and 1516, made at least six, besides designing many more. Hans Holbein, Lucas Cranach, the Bohemian, Virgil Solis, Matthias Zundt, Jost Amman, Saldorfer, George Hupfchmann and others of the "Little Masters" engaged in the art.

The list of artists who in the succeeding years gave a part of their time to the making of book-plates includes such well known names as Hogarth, Bewick, Cipriani and Henshaw, and in more modern times, Aubrey Beardsley, Sir John Millais, Walter Crane, Edwin Abbey, Kate Greenaway and Gordon Browne. From the earliest examples on wood, through the various processes of steel engraving, copper-plate etching, dry point, and finally by photo engraving, the use of book-plates has been popularized as it has been made less costly, until today even in the small private library, books are guarded by the owner's ex-libris.

The popular method is to have designed an illustration indicative of the individuality of the book-lover and owner of the plate; or it may be of his home wherein the books reside; or of something suggestive of his personality; or even

a fantasy that appeals to him. In some way the book mark must give solid satisfaction in its design to him for whom made, as it is obvious that, once accepted and its use inaugurated, it should not be changed. As much by the design as the name accompanying it, the book is identified; and as one must live for years, perhaps, with every beloved volume marked by this plate, it should hold a continual pleasure and satisfaction. Consequently the art of making book-plates is not easy, or one of little thought. It must have in it understanding, and something of love.

When the artist has succeeded in making a design that fills the requirements of its owner, the matter of duplicating it a hundred or more times comes up. If it were merely an illustration, a zinc or half-tone would be the natural way of securing the printing plate for the press. But there is a certain hardness, a mechanical look to any process engraving that injures its value for such an intimate purpose. The photo-engraving and platen press are rather soulless affairs. Here, where only a comparatively few prints are needed, and the cost is—or should be—the last thing to consider, individuality should have full sway.

And so, wood and linoleum, where the artist gets direct access to his medium, together with the hand-press—or old style letter-press, or even a clothes wringer—are methods of today that bring the book-plate back to popularity. Etching, either dry-point or acid, is a frequent and artistic mode of reproduction. Lithography, with its softness of line and color, is often used, especially with large collections of books. But the closer the artist gets to the actual reproduction of his design, the greater satisfaction, and the more in the result.

Upon this page are a number of book-plate designs that have been selected with the knowledge that their reproduction here can give only a weak idea of their delicacy and beauty. Nor is it possible to explain in words the loveliness that has gone to make them distinctive to their owners. Suffice it to say that three of them—and the reader will have no difficulty in picking the ones—are for children, and for their youthful books.

The artist is Mrs. John C. Kittle, and the linoleum blocks were made in Carmel this winter. Mrs. Kittle is a San Franciscan, who spends much of her time here, drawing and painting the scenery of this neighborhood.

The sixth book-plate shown, that of the writer of this article, which is largely "lifted" from the encyclopedia—is used here to illustrate the method of identifying the book with its owner—or his way of doing it. In the Kittle cuts, the type matter has been left off. Frequently the printed words are merely

"Ex Libris John Smith"—or who ever. Sometimes only the owner's name, or his name and address. Or a motto may be a part of the design. The Carmel Library, with a

design of twin pines, prints on its book-plate, Sir Francis Bacon's phrase, "Some books are to be tasted; others to be swallowed; and some few to be chewed and digested."

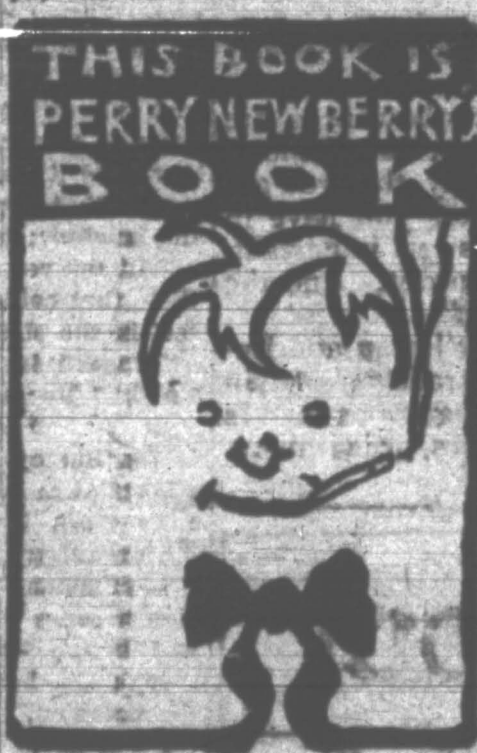


## ANOTHER VOICE FOR THE TOLL GATES

Editor, Pine Cone:

I cannot quite agree with your article of December 31st referring to toll roads, both at Point Lobos and on the lands of the Del Monte Properties Company.

Is it the spirit of Americanism that objects to paying a fee for going through a gate or is it the spirit of getting something for nothing, simply because it is out of doors and possibly not so well protected? One does not hesitate to pay his admission to the theatre,



or to a ball game, but if there is a "rubberneck hill" nearby, people will climb the hill and see the game for nothing.

You ask if there is not some way of raising the money for the upkeep of these grounds in a more American manner than the toll enough to maintain these high-

ways and grounds when the majority of the users will be outsiders?

A COUNTY TAX PAYER.  
Monterey, California.  
January 6, 1927.

## CARMEL HELPS HOLD DOWN SCORE

Both the lightweight and the unlimited basketball teams met and gave fair battle to the lightweight and unlimited Y. M. C. A. teams of Watsonville last Friday in the high school gymnasium.

The score for the game played by the unlimiteds was 11 to 5, favoring the Watsonville Y. M. C. A. men but considering the fact that the Watsonville men were players who had had longer experience at the game and had run up a score of 75 to nothing against the Army team, Coach Mosher may feel that his raw material deserves a lot of credit.

The game started with two Carmel boys playing forward, Maurice Stoney and Frankie Weeks. James Hopper of Carmel played running guard.

The lightweights broke even with their opponents. Parker of Monterey cleverly dropped in a difficult one from the sideline just as the final whistle blew, making the score 14 to 14. The referee, Bill Young, of Carmel, called five minutes more for play but at the end of that time the score still stood tie. James Cook, as standing guard, Glen Leidig as running guard, and Martin Leidig, as forward, represented Carmel in the lightweight game.

## TRAVELS EUROPE IN AID OF SCIENCE

With information gathered throughout Europe that will add to America's beauty as well as utility, Dr. Herman A. Spoehr is back from seven months spent abroad. He traveled through England, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Finland, France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Austria and Czechoslovakia in the interest of the National



Academy of Science, one of a committee of two, his companion being Dr. Irving W. Bailey of Harvard, making a survey of the work being done in agriculture and forestry by the foreign scientific organizations.

Dr. Spoehr's family accompanied him, and are now back in their home on Mountain View avenue. There will be a meeting of the subscribers to the Golden Bough subscription season on Tuesday evening, January 18th, at 8 o'clock. The management most earnestly urges all who can, to attend as there will be a discussion of the choice of the last three plays as yet unchosen, on the season's list of productions. The meeting will be held in the Theatre and the subscribers who attend are asked to have in mind some play or plays they feel could be successfully produced at the Golden Bough.

At least one half of the machines travelling over these roads come from points outside of the state. Add to these the number of parties from Hotel Del Monte, in Del Monte cars, which would pass over these roads tax free if they were county roads. Do you expect Monterey County to be public spirited enough to maintain these high-

## WILL CHOOSE PLAYS

Deed: Garfield D. Merner and wife to Delmer W. Call, Dec. 20, 1926, \$10. For lots 7 and 8, blk. A. Add No. 6, Carmel 100x80.66 ft. and rt of way for foot path.



# Peninsula Artists and Their Work

## GIVES ART TALKS

Jessie Short Jackson, formerly of Carmel, is giving art talks in San Francisco and about the Bay, illustrating with her own paintings the points in her arguments. Last week Tuesday she spoke before the Twentieth Century Club of Berkeley, with a large audience deeply interested in her enlightening art talk, and previously gave other town lectures at the homes of Professors Taylor and Daggett.

Mrs. Jackson is an active member of the San Francisco Woman Artists, one of the five clubs of that city, and they are doing a fine work in educating the public to an appreciation and understanding of art by means of these talks and by exhibits in various places. At the Claremont Hotel Art Gallery there is on now an exhibit at which Mrs. Jackson is represented by more than a score of her paintings.

## EXHIBIT ON AT CLAREMONT

An exhibition by California artists is attracting attention to the Hotel Claremont gallery in East Bay circles. Among the exhibitors are Goffredo Piazzi, Armin Hansen, W. H. Clapp, L. P. Latimer, W. S. Rice, Jessie Short Jackson, DeNeale Morgan and Calthea Vivian. Next Monday Goldie Powell Harding will exhibit paintings and monotypes.

## WILL SHOW WOOD

### BLOCK PRINTS

Several of the Carmel artists are going up to San Francisco to see the exhibition of Frans Marc's wood block prints that is arranged by Madame E. E. Scheyer, who lectured in Carmel last summer and exhibited the work of the Blue

Four. Marc is one of the great German modernists, and one of the founders of "The Blue Knights" in Munich, in 1911. The German Government has recognized the value of his work since his death early in the great war, and it is now on exhibition in the Museum of Modern Art in Berlin. Madame Scheyer is a friend of Frans Marc's widow, and through this these rare prints have been secured. They have already been exhibited in the Oakland Art Gallery and the Los Angeles Museum. Many of his prints have animals for their subject, and are most interesting.

## NEW BOOKS NOW IN

The Woodside Library, Mrs. Dora Hagemeyer's place in Carmel Woods, be it ever so small, keeps its shelves full of interesting books.

The Orphan Angel—Eleanor Wiley; For England, May Sinclair; Decline of Civilization in the West,

Spangler; Virgin Spain, Weldon Frank; A Man Could Stand Up, Ford Madox Ford; Book of Marriage, Keyserling; Dark of the Moon—Sarah Teasdale; You Can't Win, Jack Black; Galahad, St. John Erskin; Monday or Tuesday, Virginia Woolf.

## MORGAN PAINTINGS

### SHOWN IN CARMEL

M. De Neale Morgan is back in Carmel from her exhibit in Oakland which closed at the Hotel Leamington the end of the month. It was thoroughly successful, and art critics of San Francisco and around the bay were enthusiastic in praise of the sixty or more canvases, most of them recent paintings, that made up the show. It is possible that there will be a local exhibit of Miss Morgan's work this spring, with the opportunity for Carmel to see the remainder of these paintings.

# Himalayan Monks Planted Cypress Trees On Old Point Lobos

Annie Laurie, who is Mrs. Bonfils in Carmel, where she spends such leisure time as there is in a metropolitan newspaper job, has an article in last Saturday's Examiner devoted to the preservation of Point Lobos as a park. In that editorial—for Annie Laurie's interesting column is usually editorial matter—there is a story of great interest to Carmel. Some of us have heard it—or parts of it—but it is well worth repetition in her charming style. She introduces it with:

Have you ever been down to Point Lobos at Carmel?

Some people think it is the most beautiful little piece of land on this side of the Rocky Mountains.

Far out into the ocean it stretches, so far that the water is 60 feet deep when you stand and look down at the beach.

And the trees are gnarled and stooping as if they were tired and wanted to lie down, and why wouldn't they be when they've stood there for something like three thousand years?

Yet there's a sort of vigor and virility about them too, with their great massive trunks and their long muscular arms and the crops of cones they raise year in and year out. Why, they'll make a young pine tree only fifty years old—or so look like a miser.

Only there's something about the gray bark that is like the skin on the body of a very ancient human being—something that sags a bit here and there, but they're not dead, those strange trees of Point Lobos, and they don't intend to die, either, not for several hundred years yet, and maybe not then.

A strange old man in a yellow velvet cape—one of those circular things with a hole cut in the middle for his head, and the velvet, such a wonderful pile that the shadows looked purple—told me a strange story about the trees on Point Lobos.

He was out here at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

He was a monk from the Monastery at Lhasa where the old lama in Kim came from.

An ancient man, full of ancient stories, for had he not been educated first at Oxford and then re-educated at his lonely old Lhasa

serie up there in the Himalayas—and wise he was, too, with many kinds of subtle wisdom.

"I'm going down the peninsula," he said, "for just one purpose."

"I want to see those old trees out on Point Lobos."

"How did you ever hear of them?" said I.

The old man looked at me and smiled his secret smile.

"I have read of it in my monastery," he said. "It is all set down in an ancient book of parchment—about the three Chinese monks who came across the ocean in an open boat and brought the little seeds of a strange tree that grew in our monastery garden. Two of the monks died and one came back to the Himalayas and told the story of the planting of the sacred trees. I wish to go and see them for myself."

It was a queer story and I didn't know whether to believe it or not but I told it to Frank Powers, who was interested in everything on the Monterey Peninsula, and he went to London and found, so he told me afterward, in the British Museum a record of the three Chinese who came to this continent three thousand years ago and planted the sacred trees down there on Point Lobos.

Is this old story true—that I cannot swear to—but if you'll drive down to Point Lobos some moonlight night and sit very quietly and hear the water dashing up on the rocks below, you will notice a strange singing sound in the branches of the old trees and you won't find it very hard to believe the old story.

## BOOKS ARE GIVEN

### CARMEL LIBRARY

The Carmel Library has been enriched by a gift of books from an anonymous but kindly citizen, of which the following is the list:

Penelope Intruder, Katherine Newlin; The Cost, David G. Phillips; The Beauty of the Purple, Wm. S. Davis; The Lucky Sixpence, E. B. and A. A. Knipe; The Wall of Partition, Florence L. Barclay; In the Days of Queen Elizabeth, Eva A. Tappan; The Port of Adventure, S. N. and A. M. Williamson; A Book of Nursery Rhymes, Charles Welsh; Queen Tiny's Little People, Claude Wet-

more; This Year's book for Children; Mary Louise Adopts a Soldier, Mary Louise in the Country, Mary Louise and the Liberty Girls, Mary Louise, Mary Louise Solves a Mystery—Edith Van Dyne; A Burne-Jones Head, Clara S. Rollins; The Herford Aesop, Oliver Herford; Larkspur, Jane Abbott; Uncle Rutherford's Attic, Joanna H. Mathews; The Calling of Dan Mathews, Harold B. Wright; The Black Spaniel, Robert Hichens; Denise and Ned Toodles, Gabrielle E. Jackson; Nora's Twin Sister, Little Miss Rosemond, The Children on the Top Floor—Nina Rhoades; Girl of the Limberlost, Gene Stratton Porter; Penrod, Booth Tarkington; Beatrice of Denewood, E. B. and A. A. Knipe; The Knave of Diamonds, Ethel M. Dell; Red Horse Hill, Sidney McCull; Grit and Gumption, David V. Bush; The Hiawatha Primer, Florence Holbrook; The Runaway Equator, Lillian Bell; When Knighthood was in Flower, Edwin Caskoden; The Wanderers, Mary Johnston; Stories of Wakeland and Dreamland, Anne Eliz. Allen; The House of Peril, Louis Tracy; The After House, Mary R. Rhinart; The Brass Bowl, Louis J. Vance.

## Anne Martin Talk To Club

The winter program of the Department of International Relations was initiated at a meeting held on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. H. Lowell, chairman of the department. A plan was adopted for a series of round table discussions of various topics covering the foreign policy of the United States, a member of the group to have charge of the discussion at each meeting, and to present an article on the subject of the day.

To give the group an idea of the new technique in international affairs which she feels is developing through women's interest and work, Anne Martin read from an

article which she had written for the August Nation on the Congress of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, held last summer in Dublin. "The work of the Dublin Peace Congress surely shows," she said, "that a group of women, internationally minded, are looking behind political forms and organizations and motives for action to the needs of humanity itself. Undoubtedly these women, moved by this impulse, are developing a new technique in affairs—a contribution bound to make the world a better place for coming generations."

The next meeting of the Department of International Relations will be held on the first Wednesday in February at the home of Mrs. Teare, on the corner of Lincoln street and Ninth avenue, at half past two. Miss Mary E. Bailey will have charge of the discussion and will present a paper on "Economic and Colonial Imperialism."

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# Carmel Theatres, Drama, Music

## They Knew What They Wanted And They All Got It

The use of superlatives in reviewing plays, productions and acting this last year in Carmel is growing more and more dangerous. No sooner does a delighted reviewer state that so and so has done the finest bit of acting of the season than along comes some new performance that makes him think it would be well to save his ultimate enthusiasm. It has really been a wonderful season, filled with good things for the theatre-goer, and none more so than "They Knew What They Wanted," produced by Edward Kuster at the Theatre of the Golden Bough last week end.

Sidney Howard's play is too well known to be told in detail here. Through the whole play runs the dull thread of tragedy, relieved by the bright thread of comedy, and it is comedy that wins in the end. There is also a lesson to be learned here, a lesson taught by Tony in the golden and tolerant sunshine of the California Valley. It is the love story of an older man, of his wooing by mail of a young waitress in a "spaghetti joint" in San Francisco, and of the youthful hurt and passion that threw her, for one erring hour, into the arms of a younger man.

It is not a new motive, it is as old as the drama itself, and older. But Howard did not see tragedy here, he saw the broader and more tolerant side of human nature, the quiet comedy of everyday people, grasping for happiness, and when they got what they wanted, clinging to it in spite of everything.

Ruth Kuster played Amy, the girl. She proved herself an artist. From her entrance in the first act, embarrassed and nervous, a little bit pathetic in her bravado, meeting strangers and trying to do and say the right thing, to the last act where she rose to great heights of emotion, her work was excellent. She looked the part, she lived it for us, and threw that intangible something known as the faithfulness

that is as rare as it is appreciated. Another notable performance was given by Edward Kuster. His Tony was a cleverly conceived piece of work. He kept the Italian dialect and gestures well. His interpretation of the role of the big hearted Italian was one of understanding and sincerity. The other angle of the triangle was well played by Elliott Durham. Joe, the wobbly, the I.W.W. agitator, arguing with the padre, with Tony—Joe the ranch hand, caring tenderly for his disabled master. It is a difficult role to interpret sympathetically, but he achieved it.

Thomas Bickle's work as the rather illiterate and big hearted padre was delightful. It took real acting to play up to the three principals, and Mr. Bickle was at all times sound. Guy Koepf as the doctor made a good characterization and in his scenes with the padre was very effective. Peter Friedrichsen as the R. F. D. did nice work. Barry Parker, Louise Walcott, John Bartlett and several others filled small parts acceptably.

### GIVE PIANO RECITAL

Last Saturday afternoon at the Greene Studio two of the pupils of Olivia Warfield gave an interesting piano recital. Anne Greene played a Fantasy in D Minor from Mozart, a Gavotte, by Bach, Liszt's Liebestraum, and a Chopin Prelude and two Chopin waltzes. Miss Greene also played several original compositions that were delightful.

Little Miss Dorothy Todd played a group of Robert Schumann's Scenes from Childhood. Musette of Bach, and Toldini's Birds of Passage. Dorothy Todd shows a great deal of promise for so young a pianist. Leona McGuire unfortunately was ill, and so unable to take part in the recital.

## Bad Man Will 'Play Again in San Francisco

"Senors, and senoritas, you are my preesoners."

Once more we shall have the opportunity to see Pancho Lopez, that debonair "bad man," in the play by Porter Emerson Brown. On January 28 and 29 it will be produced at the Arts and Crafts Theatre, and on February 18 and 19 will be given in San Francisco by invitation of the Woman's Civic Club at their new theatre.

Just one year ago Jo Mora played Pancho Lopez at the Arts and Crafts, and did the best individual piece of work that has been seen in Carmel for many moons. All of the old cast, with the exception of Helen Wilson are in town, and anxious to take part. Ruth Austin will play Lucia Pell, Mrs. Wilson's role.

It is a peculiar coincidence that the set used in the New York production is the same, even to small details, as the one worked out by Bell and Rhoda and Richard Johnson. When the Carmelites put on the play they were working from manuscripts, and this week the books arrived from the publishing house with pictures of the set, and different scenes in the play. In the latter case the actors in Carmel had practically the same positions on the stage as had the metropolitan players.

In addition to being one of the best productions put on by George Ball last year, and containing the best individual pieces of work, the play is interesting in itself. We all love to see a comedy, and when

melodrama is combined with comedy, and the hero is a Mexican bandit, it proves doubly enticing.

Holbrook Blinn made a success of this play on the stage, and in the pictures. All of us who were fortunate enough to see it last year will attend again, and we mustn't forget the strangers in our midst. There will be two crowded houses in Carmel, and in San Francisco many tickets have been sold for the production there. It is a happy choice for George Ball to take away from Carmel as a typical Carmel production. We are proud of it, and justly so. The cast is as follows:

### The Cast

Gilbert Jones ..... Ernie Schweninger  
Henry Smith ..... Talbert Josslyn  
Morgan Pell ..... Byington Ford  
Lucia Pell ..... Ruth Austin  
Red Giddings ..... Paul Flanders  
Jasper Hardy ..... Robert Welles Ritchie

Angela Hardy ..... Catherine Cooke  
Pancho Lopez ..... Jo Mora  
Denustiana ..... Eliot Durham  
El Dorado ..... Louise Walcott

The Carmelites who produced "The Bad Man," at the Arts and Crafts Theatre last year under the direction of George Ball, have been asked to give the play before the California Women's Club in San Francisco on February 18 and 19.

The play, with Jo Mora taking the lead character, Pancho Lopez, the "bad man," won considerable praise after the Carmel showing and the cast, with but few changes, will be taken to San Francisco for the invitational showing.

### CARMELITES AT

#### "THE MIRACLE"

The Miracle of Miracles (so far as the theatre in America is concerned) is the production of this stupendous pantomime at the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco. Max Reinhardt, internationally famous genius of the stage, has created this marvelous spectacle. Karl Vollmoeller is the author of the book, Engelbert Humperdinck composed the score, Norman Bel Geddes designed the scenery and costumes. The Auditorium has been transformed into a cathedral. That remarkable man of the theatre, Morris Gest, is the manager. To him we owe this American production—to his courage and daring his financial ability and his power of leadership. He dares big things, and does them.

There are many famous names among the actors, but one comes away from the performance with the most vivid memory of the crowd. For it is not spoken drama, but pantomime, and Reinhardt's masterful handling of his crowds has produced an effect that is superb.

A few of the Carmelites who have attended the production are: Mr. and Mrs. Ray DeYoe, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. David Alberto, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bickle, Mrs. Olivia Warfield, Mrs. Rose DeYoe, Mrs. Mary May, Mrs. Roberta Leitch, Mrs. Madge Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Stone, Mrs. Daisy Bostick, Miss Blanche Tolmie, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bechtolt, Miss Ora Hazeltine and Barney Siegal.

### REDFERN MASON GIVES WARM PRAISE

Of the Wind Instrument Ensemble of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, who will give a concert in Carmel at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Saturday evening, January 22, our own Redfern Mason writes in the Examiner:

"This is a competent group of musicians. The Passagalle for all reeds and horns was delightful in its formal charm. It was like making closer acquaintances with musical friends one has admired only from a distance. The pastoral piquancy of Addimando's oboe, Linden's facile flute, the romantic charm of Randall's clarinet and

the humor mixed with melancholy of Kubitschek's bassoon were genuine sources of gratification. It was interesting, too, to hear the horn discourse free melody."

The Wind Instrument Ensemble of San Francisco is endorsed by the Musical Association of San Francisco and has as patrons the most prominent patrons of music in that metropolis.

It is composed of the five soloists

of the Wind Instrument Section of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Cesar Addimando, the oboist, is the director. Mr. Addimando was one of the organizers of the famous Barrere Ensemble of New York, playing oboe to Mr. Barrere's flute; he is a musician of the very highest order. He has been in orchestras since he was a boy of eight years, at that early age he was teaching the wind instru-

# CONCERT

San Francisco Wind Symphony Ensemble

## THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

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SUNDAY

### "Mismates"

Doris Kenyon  
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MONDAY

TUESDAY

### "The Great Deception"

Alleen Pringle

WEDNESDAY

### "Atta Boy"

Monty Banks

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

### "The Canadian"

Thomas Melham



ment players in his father's band in Italy.

Anthony Linden is flutist, Harold Randall, clarinetist, Ernest Kubitschek, bassoon, and Walter Horstig, French horn. Margo Hughes, the pianist, is a very important part of the Ensemble. She has had a wide experience in Ensemble playing and has toured as pianist with Mme. Gadecki and other well-known artists of national reputation.

The music reflected by the Ensemble are all original compositions by the best known of the old and newer composers. Naturally on account of the unusual instrumentation of the organization, the music is new and untried. Most of it is very charming and pleasing due to the tone colors of the instruments.

Wind Instrument Organizations very few and are known only through the orchestras, where these instruments play the most important parts as solo instruments, most of the themes are carried by these. There is a new interest aroused for the woodwinds and they are com-

ing into their own. To those who think chamber-music is limited to the strings, a surprise is in store. There is a large field of unknown music for the woodwind family.

### Plan to Lift Club from Debt

Plans for the refinancing of the Arts & Crafts Club were the order of the evening at the members' meeting last Tuesday night, and a good attendance met the suggestions of the president, Mrs. Sara Deming, whose report showed that she had given care and thought to the subject.

This pioneer civic organization, which has done more to build up Carmel than, perhaps, any other one thing, has a debt that must be lifted. That Carmel owes it a much greater debt has nothing to do with the intention of the club to raise the funds necessary to clear itself, and stand again upon its

feet. The plans of the president, discussed by the members at the meeting, will be developed and finally arranged by the board of directors.

The Arts and Crafts Club, of which the Forest Theater is a part, owns the property upon which its club house and its theater stand, between Monte Verde and Casanova, Eighth and Ninth; also more than a block of land on Mountain View avenue, the Forest Theater property. A conservative estimate of the value of realty and improvements is \$35,000. But totally apart from the money value of their holdings is the value to the community of their activities. Since the club's beginning it has been the home of the artists, writers, playwrights and the nucleus of dramatic effort in the village. Its summer school of art, run now for a score of consecutive years, has given Carmel one of its strongest impetuses toward prosperity. Even

before the Forest Theater was thought of, dramatic offerings were a part of the Arts & Crafts program.

At a time when the finances of the Forest Theater Society were at a very low tide, and interest much slackened, the Arts & Crafts took over, paid up the debts, aroused new enthusiasm, and has since put on plays at the open-air stage that have enhanced the reputation of theater and village. These plays have not always been remunerative to the club, though they have paid big dividends to the town in advertising and promotion. Many of the business men, especially the real estate agents, realize this, and are willing to help the club out in its present emergency. But the Arts & Crafts organization is seeking to attain financial responsibility upon the solid grounds of membership, property values, and the abilities of its officers and board of directors.

For the Womans Club, Mrs. Charles Harris spoke of the importance of the activities of the Arts & Crafts Club in the program of the organization, and indicated the especial field that it filled in civic affairs. Some discussion of this summer's art school, and the plans to make it larger and more important than ever before, was followed by piano numbers given by Miss Patty Mora, and refreshments served.

The officers of the Arts & Crafts Club are Sara Deming, president; J. B. Adams, vice president; Eugene Watson, secretary; and Fen Foster, treasurer. The next meeting for members will be February 8.

Deed: J. C. Anthony and wife to Ernest H. Sundberg and Marie D. Sundberg, June 8, 1925, \$10. Pt. lot 6, blk 3, Robinson's Sub. Monterey, Beg 250 ft E. from NE cor Figueroa and Pearl sts., run th. E. 50 ft., th N. 66.96 ft.; th W. 50.05 ft.; th S. 69.30 ft. to beg.

## Business, Hotel and Information Directory

### Sights of Interest in Carmel and the Monterey Peninsula

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**Carmel Mission**—Just south of Carmel on the Coast Highway. This historic structure dates back to 1770 when it was established by Father Junipero Serra. It is the most famous of all California Missions and is worth a special visit by every resident or visitor in Carmel. It was here that Father Serra, beloved of all his people, lived, worked, died and was buried. It was the scene of many early historic gatherings and has an atmosphere of sacredness and romance. The greatest minds of Father Serra's time made pilgrimages here; several of the Mexican governors were buried.

**Carmel Art Gallery**—At San Carlos and Fourth streets is the Carmel Art Gallery where pictures by Carmel and other Peninsula artists are on exhibition. Admission is free and the public is cordially invited to visit the gallery and view the many beautiful and interesting pictures always on exhibit there. A delightful tea garden is operated in connection with the gallery and is open from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.

**Carmel Highlands**—One of the most scenic drives in the world, with magnificent views of the mountains and the rugged shore line of the Pacific ocean. Numerous coves indent the shore and views of grandeur which have attracted artists from all over the world may be seen after passing the road which branches off to Point Lobos.

**Carmel Valley**—Lined on either side by high hills and mountains, a delightful road winds its way for many miles up the valley. Carmel river adds to the attractiveness of this delightful valley, and many productive ranches may be seen.

**Point Lobos**—Grand and inspiring rock formation projecting into the Pacific Ocean between Carmel and Carmel Highlands, one of the most famous beauty spots in America and known for its famous cypress trees and cavernous rock formations into which the waters of the Pacific ceaselessly crash.

**Carmel-by-the-Sea**—The city of Carmel has many attractions and no visitor should leave without driving over as many as possible of its picturesque streets. In a superb setting of pine trees on every hand, quaint studios and cottages will be seen. These are occupied by artists, poets, writers, scientists, playwrights, musicians, retired business men, and others. Beautiful views may be had from various points including La Loma Terrace and the Hatton Fields tract.

**Seventeen Mile Drive**—World famous drive comprises a tour from Del Monte following through Monterey and Pacific Grove around the

tip of the Peninsula to Pebble Beach along a shore-line unparalleled in America for its scenic beauty.

**Fifty Mile Drive**—Includes 17 Mile Drive via Monterey and Pacific Grove to Carmel, then to Carmel Highlands, back to highway leading up Carmel Valley, thence up Carmel Valley to Laureles Grade, over the grade back to the Monterey-Salinas highway, and back to Monterey. No drive of similar short distance contrasts so many different kinds of scenic beauty.

**The Cypress Trees**—Indigenous to the Monterey Peninsula and found nowhere else—age-old trees seen in masses on the 17-Mile Drive and at Point Lobos.

**Presidio of Monterey**—Beautifully located army post overlooking the Bay. Home of the 11th U. S. Cavalry and Second Battalion, 76th Field Artillery.

**Monterey's Historic Buildings**  
**San Carlos Church**—Founded in 1770 by Father Serra, building erected in 1794. Webster Street to Figueroa.

**Old Custom House**—On the water front at the end of Alvarado Street. Over this building Commodore Sloat raised the American flag, July 7, 1846.

**Colton Hall**—First State capitol building, now City Hall of Monterey. Faces Pacific Street, between Madison and Jefferson Streets.

**The Larkin House**—Main and Jefferson Streets. Built by Thomas O. Larkin, first and only American consul to Monterey. To the right is Sherman and Halleck's headquarters. Lieutenant William T. Sherman was stationed here 1846-1847. Further to the right is

**House of Four Winds**—First Hall of Records in the State.

**First Theatre in California**—Corner Scott and Pacific Streets. Now a museum.

**Old Whaling Station**—Corner of Pacific and Decatur Streets.

**Robert Louis Stevenson House**—In Houston Street. The noted writer lived here in 1879.

**Old Pacific building**—With beautiful patio and tea garden, corner Main and Scott Streets.

#### Hotels in Carmel and Vicinity

Include the Following:

**Pine Inn**, near the downtown section on Ocean Avenue; convenient to both shops and the beach.

**La Playa Hotel**, 8th and Camino Real; overlooking the ocean, with beautiful views in all directions.

**Sea View Inn**, Camino Real between 11th and 12th Avenues; convenient to the beach.

**Highlands Inn**, in a superb setting of pines, five miles south of Carmel on the Coast Highway.

**Hotel Del Monte**, recently reconstructed at a cost of \$2,000,000—a magnificent playground, center of an estate of 18,000 acres—world famous for sports of every character.

**Del Monte Lodge** at Pebble Beach, social headquarters for guests and residents of the Pebble Beach colony.

**Hotel San Carlos**, on Franklin, between Main and Pacific streets, Monterey. A newly completed, entirely modern, \$600,000 hotel, officially opened on October 30, 1926.

### IF IT'S WASHABLE WE'LL HANDLE IT

Don't hesitate to send us the things which are a bit out of the ordinary. This laundry is accustomed to work of all natures—curtains, blankets, washable rugs, and personal laundry. Hundreds of families send everything from washable rugs to fine lingerie, knowing that they will receive prompt and courteous service and that their laundry will be handled by extreme care in our modern and splendidly equipped plant.

**DEL MONTE LAUNDRY**  
Telephone, Monterey 89

### WE INVITE YOU TO READ PAGE FIFTEEN

Because—it will interest you. You'll find some of the most interesting news in this issue on page 15.

The remarkable growth of this page since it was started is best evidence of its interest to others. It will hold the same interest for you. READ it and then USE it.

### Monterey Investment Co.

Monterey  
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CARMEL VALLEY  
5 Miles Out  
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Terms If Desired

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Deed: Ernest H. Sundberg and wife to Juan Abatti and Lucia Abatti tenants, Dec. 20, \$10. Beg at SE cor lot 6, blk 3, Robinson's Sub. Monterey; run th. N. 66.96 ft.; th. W. 45.04 ft.; th S. 69.07 ft.; th E. 45 ft. to beg. (Pt. lot 6, blk 3.)

Deed: Emma L. Williams to Crilla McD. Roberts, Nov. 20, \$10. Lot 32 and S 1-2 of 30, blk. B-12, Add No. 7, Carmel.

(Continued from Page 7)

He broke off and rose from his chair.

"Here comes the rest of that young crowd, and they got their Christmas movie cameras with 'em. Little cameras that take big pictures. I got to get along. I'm taking the part of a hermit that kills the villain and then helps the young lovers to find where the gold is hid in the rocks of the cliff."

And he stamped out and was met with cheers and hustled into a topless little automobile and whirled down the Avenue with the sad moaning of the car's cow-horn sounding like a corral full of forgotten pigs at feeding time.

### SEA VIEW INN

Camino Real near Twelfth

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**Big Sur**  
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**Owner—Realtor**  
**E. H. TICKLE**  
**Highlands Inn**

Agreement: William Ritschel with Belle Zora Ritschel, Dec. 2, 1926. To terminate all community property rights etc.  
Deed: Service Realty Co. to F. O. Wyant, Oct. 22, 1926, \$10. Lots 36 and 37, blk. 9, Map 2, Del Monte Heights.

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Ocean Avenue, Carmel

## Oak Eating Insects Ordered Off Peninsula

The Oak Worm and the Bark Beetle have declared war on the trees of Monterey Peninsula. They have gathered their forces in the dark, and their campaign is well-under way. To combat the pests have come Professor Edwin C. Van Dyke, the authority on beetles from the University of California, and Dr. E. P. Meinecke, pathologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, who specializes in diseases of forest trees.

The communities of the Monterey Peninsula must cooperate in the battle against the oak worm and bark beetle, insects that are killing off the best trees of the peninsula forests.

This was the decision of ten persons who met Sunday last at luncheon tables in the Hotel San Carlos to hear Dr. Edwin C. Van Dyke of the department of etymology of the University of California and Dr. E. P. Meinecke, pathologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, talk on tree diseases prevalent on the Monterey peninsula and of ways to combat them.

Other speakers of the occasion were Dr. Herman Spoehr of the Carnegie Institution laboratory in Carmel, and Julius A. Landsberger of San Francisco, who was responsible for getting together interested peninsula residents to hear the opinions and suggestions of the tree experts.

Dr. Van Dyke gave an interesting address of insect life to be combatted on the peninsula and stressed the importance of concerted action in the matter. It is quite imperative, he declared, for

the peninsula people to curb the depredations of the oak worm and bark beetle. He told how the insects could best be dealt with.

Dr. Meinecke also spoke, his expressions running along the same lines as those of Dr. Van Dyke. He agreed heartily with the first speaker that only through community cooperation could effective action be taken against the menacing insects.

Dr. Spoehr's talk, in similar vein, was followed with an informal discussion and suggestions by those present.

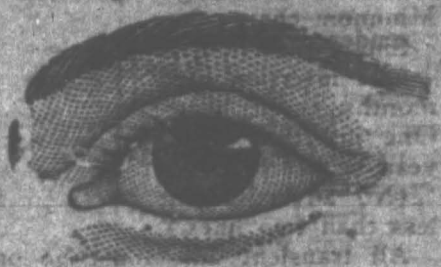
Mayor W. G. Hudson of Monterey declared he believed the Monterey City Planning Commission should start the ball rolling, but it was decided that a committee, formed on motion of Robert Hunter of Pebble Beach and seconded by Carmel Martin of Monterey, should have charge of educating the public to the necessity of attending to the trees immediately and of starting the actual work. Landsberger was named chairman of the committee and Ray DeYoe, Carmel; Miss Margaret Jacks, Monterey; and Dr. Spoehr, Carmel, the members.

Those present at the luncheon were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter, Pebble Beach; the Misses Margaret and Viola Jacks, Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Van Dyke, Dr. Meinecke, Julius Landsberger, Jack Beaumont, Charles Olmsted, Ray DeYoe, George Hudson, Carmel Martin and Dr. Spoehr.

Rising votes of thanks were accorded Dr. Van Dyke, Dr. Meinecke and Landsberger at conclusion of the meeting.

**PARENT-TEACHERS**  
The meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association will be held this afternoon at 2:30 in the Sunset school auditorium. Miss Yetta Schoeninger of San Jose will be one of the speakers.

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Carmel

## Lines of Play Far Too Torrid

Editor,  
Carmel Pine Cone,  
Sir:

I would like to take advantage of your columns to express an opinion on a matter of community interest.

Last Saturday night I attended the Golden Bough production "They Knew What They Wanted" and was very disappointed. Right at the outset let me admit that the production was well received by the audience in general, but I am wondering whether that may have been only a tolerant acknowledgment of the quite superior characterization of the parts by the cast. This left nothing to be desired. It seems to me, however, that there must have been others who, like myself, resented the doubtful art that imposed on us the necessity of listening to as rotten a display of objectionable language as I have ever heard on the stage. The author of the play can claim no excuse for filling the lines with so many unpleasant oaths. Even though the "wops" are addicted to using bad language, we know they exercise restraint before their Padre. Yet the author seems to gloat in piling it on thick in the presence of the padre, not to mention the women folk. I know places enjoying the best that the world can produce in the way of histrionic art where that play would be stopped by the audience if any producer were bold enough to try to put it on. Surely we Carmelites are not in the habit of hearing without resentment such disgusting language, much less of flaunting it before our wives, and our sisters, and our daughters.

And what merit did the play possess to really justify its production? We confess our sense of humor is not strong enough to outweigh our sense of outraged decency. Are our producers so destitute of material that they must dish up such a pitiable prostitution of art as this thing? We know they are not. And whether we know, or don't know, what we

want, we certainly DON'T want that.

Respectfully,  
**PETER MAWDSLEY**  
Box 342, Carmel, Cal.  
January 10, 1927.

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## Professional Cards

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Of the condition of her clothing, of her shoes, hair and hands, there is differing testimony, and a conflict so wide between statements that again comes the thought of conspiracy. Discrediting a witness' statement is one of the weapons of conspiracy. And emphasizing in the press such statements as are needed is another part of conspiracy.

As, for instance—and to get back

So I am of the belief that Mrs. McPherson was not here in May last, and that Carmel does not deserve the evil reputation it has achieved through the assumption of her presence. I am of the belief that she has been made the victim of a gigantic conspiracy to discredit her and her cult. And I am very thankful that I do not have to prove the truth of my belief, or furnish evidence to back up my theory.

**Mrs. McPherson**

(Continued from Page 3)  
to blaze on the front pages of the newspapers of an entire country? What sane woman wants publicity when she keeps an illicit assignation? Rather than accept such a wild theory, I would accept a much more unreasonable story of what happened than Mrs. McPherson tells.

For is her story unreasonable? If you accept the theory of a conspiracy as I have outlined it, her

T. P. JOY,  
Clerk.  
By C. F. JOY,  
Deputy Clerk.  
(Seal of said Superior Court)  
Endorsed: No. 8846.  
SILAS W. MACK,  
Attorney for Plaintiff.  
Date of first publication: Nov.  
26, 1926.  
Date of last publication: Jan.  
28, 1927.

Samuel J. Miller, Plaintiff, vs.



## Supervisor Roberts Makes His Case In Matter Of Parks And Toll Gates

In answer to your editorial of December 31st 1926 on the subject of "Toll gates and the Open Road," in which you saw fit to use my name in connection with the Point Lobos controversy (and rightly so) at the same time trying to evince some comparison in this situation with the Seventeen Mile drive, I believe it is only fair to me, as I believe it is my duty to enlighten the public on this subject with a few facts.

To begin with, the Seventeen Mile Drive is not and never has been a public used dedicated highway. No one has any rights there except as trespassers on private property. The map of Pebble Beach or any other section of the grants comprising the Del Monte Park has never been dedicated to the public

and the roads still remain private, title vesting in the names of the original owners or its successors or assigns. It no doubt is true that a Postoffice is public property and open to public use—providing you can legally get to it. However, if the powers at Washington see fit to set a Postoffice down on private property with no means of ingress or egress, I don't know how you or I are going to remedy it. Personally I know of none and the statutes provide none that I know of.

Point Lobos is entirely a DIFFERENT situation. The owners of that grant made a map called Carmelito. On that map a portion of the property was set aside as Point Lobos Park. Another section was delineated as streets, lots and blocks. This map was filed with the County Recorder some 40 years ago; and from that day the Park and streets were dedicated to the Public in perpetuity. At that time NO acceptance by the Board of Supervisors WAS NECESSARY—but it WAS accepted and USED by thousands of the general public, BEFORE, AT THE TIME and for SEVERAL YEARS, AFTER said dedication. It was used openly, freely, without a charge or toll.

Later a Mr. Allen bought this property—that is, he bought the unsold interests of the original owners, known as the Carmel Land and Coal Company and in the acceptance of the property Mr. Allen accepted this map of Carmelito. As a further proof that Mr. Allen KNEW what he was doing at the time, the records show that he bought this property agreeing with the sellers to him that thereafter, when and as sold by him any lots or parcels of the Carmelito tract, that he, Allen, would NOT sell any lot for less than \$25.00 and that the proceeds of such sale was to apply on the purchase price. Soon after (if years can be called soon) Mr. Allen discovered that a large number of visitors came to this scenic point of interest—calculated, without doubt that at fifty cents per it wouldn't be so bad—after which he decided that the Park belonged to him which he proceeded to fence, erect a gate and hold it all up for a half dollar. Certainly Mr. Allen HAS taken moderate care of the Point—most any sane man would as it is never wise to slay the goose that is laying down each day the golden egg. And let me say further to you, don't deceive yourself into believing that anything like the amount collected at the gate has been expended on the property in upkeep. No feeling of public service has accompanied the collection of each four bit piece from the public to enjoy its OWN RIGHTS and trespass upon its own property. The courts of the State of California will hand back to the people its rights and when it does the Board of Supervisors of Monterey county will manage this public property; and they are capable, Mr. Editor, just as much and perhaps more so than Mr. Allen. And they won't make a "camp ground" of it, as has been insinuated, nor a rowdy gathering place, nor a dumping ground for tin cans and waste paper. The Board have no plans for turning it over to the state, now or at any time. We can and we will provide GOOD SAFE roads to get into and around it—suitable and proper comfort stations, fire pits, tables, garbage receptacles, WATER and numerous other comforts and facilities that don't exist under the management of Mr. Allen. And it will be FREE as it was originally intended it should be—OWNED BY THE PUBLIC, MAINTAINED BY THE PUBLIC AND ENJOYED BY THE PUBLIC.

Comparing the attitude of the claimant of Point Lobos and the owners of the Del Monte Hotel Grounds and Also Pebble Beach properties: At about the same time the Point Lobos problem arose, the Board of Supervisors decided that the growth of the Peninsula necessitated the opening of another through highway into Monterey. This meant opening the road through the Del Monte Grounds to the public in reality. You will admit that such action perhaps meant as much to the Del Monte owners with their 2 million dollar investment as the Point Lobos situation

to Mr. Allen. The difference in the men is this. Mr. Morse, President of the Del Monte Properties Company, upon a fair and impartial showing, conceded and acknowledged that the public must have some rights left, inherited some 60 years ago by public dedication, and use continued, and promptly settled a public right-of-way through the Del Monte grounds FREE and without reservation. The comparison in mind is that the Del Monte Properties Company, under similar and like conditions of dedication and use did not care to stand as usurpers of public rights and barriers to public progress, growth and prosperity.

Yours for progress and prosperity.

JNO. L. D. ROBERTS,  
Supervisor, 5th District.

Seaside, Cal.  
Jan. 6, 1927.

### DAYLIGHT HIGH AND LOW TIDES AT CARMEL

(Note: The day changes at 1

Day	Time	Height	Time	Height
Low				
15	1:33am	2.7 ft	7:53am	5.8 ft
	3:15pm	1.2 ft	10:08pm	4.1 ft
16	2:27am	2.8 ft	8:36am	5.8 ft
	3:07pm	1.3 ft	10:54pm	4.2 ft
17	3:18am	2.8 ft	9:18am	5.7 ft
	4:36pm	1.2 ft	11:36pm	4.2 ft
18	4:05am	2.8 ft	9:58am	5.5 ft
	5:14pm	1.1 ft		
High				
19	0:17am	4.2 ft	4:50am	2.8 ft
	10:37am	5.2 ft	5:51pm	0.9 ft
20	0:57am	4.2 ft	5:35am	2.8 ft
	11:14am	4.9 ft	6:26pm	0.5 ft
21	1:16am	4.2 ft	6:25am	2.7 ft
	11:53am	4.5 ft	7:00pm	0.1 ft

Deed: Sarah Burke to Frank A. Childs, Dec. 22, \$10. Lots 17 and Dolores Street

19, block 123, 3rd Add Pacific Grove.  
Deed: Andrew C. Hughes et al to W. H. Hogue and Maria C. Hogue, it tenants, Dec. 22 pt lot 7, Assrs map Los Tulareitos Ro., adjoining Camp Carmel on east. Also lots 15, 16, 17, Camp Carmel, and water rights.

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New subdivisions, even when they offer advantages obviously superior to those of adjoining districts already built up, usually go on the market at lower opening prices. HATTON FIELDS is no exception to the rule.

Home builders ten to flock where other home builders have gone. The average buyer hesitates to play the part of pioneer.

Now, however, after less than one year of development, HATTON FIELDS is proven property. The number and character of the investors in HATTON FIELDS, and the number and high quality of the homes already built and building, are sufficient demonstration of this fact.

Nevertheless, until all of HATTON FIELDS plots pass out of the hands of the Carmel Land Company, prices will remain at a far lower level per given area than other Carmel property offering comparable advantages.

Do not wait to buy in HATTON FIELDS until only resale plots are available.

## Carmel Land Company

PAUL FLANDERS, President

Ocean Avenue, Carmel Telephone Carmel 18

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—also—

Comedy News

MONDAY

TUESDAY

A Colorful Adventure of  
a Bold Buccaneer

Douglas Fairbanks

—in—

"The Black Pirate"

Wednesday

Pauline Stark

Antonio Moreno

Lilyan Tashman

—in—

"Love's Blindness"

Elinor Glyn's Latest

Thursday - Friday

Mary Pickford

—in—

"Sparrows"

Back again in the kind  
of Role You Like

### SUDDEN DEATH IN CARMEL STREET

Daniel P. McLane, 73, for the past twenty years a resident of the peninsula, succumbed to a heart attack in Carmel Tuesday morning.

McLane, an expert candy maker, had just opened a candy store on Dolores street with G. C. Romine, Monterey, as a partner.

The aged man was just recovering from a severe attack of influenza and it is believed his heart was in a weakened condition because of this.

Following his custom he drove from Monterey to Carmel with his partner and just as they pulled up before the door McLane collapsed. He was rushed into the store and died before Dr. R. A. Kocher could be summoned.

McLane lived with J. E. Freeman for the past 14 years. His only surviving relatives are said to be nephews and nieces who live at Fort Wayne, Indiana. Funeral arrangements have not been made pending word from them.

## The Rare Opportunity of A Sea's Edge Home

At Carmel Highlands, on a point that, with three sides touching the ocean, is still sheltered from its winds;

An acre of pine, cypress and mountain lilac covered land at cliff's edge, with private trail to its own bathing beach, with arched rocks and sea caves, and grandeur of unequalled view;

With two complete houses upon it, separated twenty feet by a garden court, each built of reinforced steel concrete, solid as the cliff itself, fire and storm proof. Look at the picture of the houses on this paper's front page. It gives an idea of the beauty of the structures. They were built by the owner for himself, by himself, and built to last forever. With cathedral roofs, electric heating systems and electric kitchen ranges, canopied fireplaces, balconies overlooking the sea, and the most complete baths; with two garages, out-door grill and reticulated, fountain and terraces.

**A Magnificent Home—for \$50,000**

See Owner on the premises—George E. Stone, Carmel